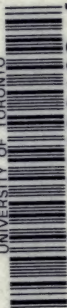



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ALMÆ MATRES.

[DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE FRESHMEN
AND DONS OF OXFORD.]

BY

MEGATHYM SPLENE, B.A., OXON.

“*αἰῶνα, μεγάθυμον. . . .*” — HOMER.
“Antiquam exquirite matrem.”

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LETTER

TO

THE FRESHMEN OF OXFORD.

ALMÆ MATRES.

LETTER I.

TO THE FRESHMEN OF OXFORD.

MY DEAR FELLOWS,—



WHEN I first came up, green as duckweed, to reside at Sempitern, Jimmy Tick, who was the oldest inhabitant among the Undergrads, being not unmindful of an immemorial observance, invited all us Freshmen to wine in his rooms. The moment dinner was over we accordingly, most of us rather frightened—some a little encouraged by the ripping Burton which the Scouts took care to ply liberally—all of us wearing our caps and gowns, which, having once put on, we had not the pluck to take off again—in fact, I firmly believe that Simpkins slept in his that night, and thought it only the proper thing to do—we repaired, then, to the D staircase, where the ancient mariner (Jimmy was always half-seas over) hung out his domestic sign-board. We en-

tered in a kind of muddle, each anxious that some one else should go in first, and therefore, like an unwilling flock of sheep driven through a gate and spying a dog in front, each backing nervously on his neighbour's toes.

Jimmy was seated at the head of a long table, amply supplied with wine-glasses, decanters, and a few—a very few—dishes of dessert ; for Cripps had refused to give him any more credit. He was surrounded by a small and select band of four-year-olders. On his right sat Whistling Gulliver,—so called from a slight peculiarity of habit, contracted, I believe, from constantly losing “skivs” at cards, when, as each portrait of her Majesty left his possession for that of the winner, he gave vent to a low, long philomelian flute-note, indicative of resignation overcoming despair. On his head was a cap, the board of which having received much cruel treatment at the hand of its owner, had finally quitted its tenement in small parties, leaving the cloth to bewail the separation in an elegant, but somewhat ridiculous attitude. His nose gave evidence of a foolish preference for the strong over the weak waters of this wicked world ; and his whole appearance was that of a gentleman whose perspicuity is so deteriorated, that he is incapable of even understanding the police reports in an ordinary newspaper.

On the left of the oldest inhabitant was Mr

Philip Flyover, a Nimrod of celebrity, who had been twice to Aylesbury, and once to Epsom, and was in consequence reputed a most authentic reference on matters connected with that noble animal which Mr Rarey has recently assisted in deifying, as Heliogabalus did before him.

The rest of the group were less distinguished, perhaps, but demigods in our timid and verdant optics.

Jimmy Arm., Fil., alias Tick, Esquire, rose at our entrance, smole blandly, and mumbled something to the effect that he was glad to make our acquaintance. He then turned to the Whistler, and said, "Let me introduce you to the Junior Dean."

We were a little startled, some of us had even the audacity to smile incredulously; but the composure on Jimmy's, and the dignity on Gulliver's physiognomy, were such that we felt it was at least wiser to appear to believe the entitlement.

"And I must also introduce you," resumed Jimmy, with perfect placidity, and turning to the horsy individual on his left, "to the Syrtis Major, with whom you will have much to do in the way of discipline."

There was now an irresistible impulse about our risible muscles, but the staid faces of the group, who stared us unmercifully down, checked even a smile about our lips.

The gulling now began in earnest. The Junior Dean complained of the trouble he had with some men of the place, and Jimmy kindly explained to us *sotto voce*, that it was his duty to hear the whole College repeat the Catechism and Creed once a-day. "A most valuable preventive to infidelity, I think you'll admit," he added, looking the picture of religious propriety.

The horsy individual then related an anecdote of some obstreperous youth; and Tick Esquire, with the same consideration, informed us that it was the duty of the Syrtis Major to go round the College at eleven at night and put out all the candles.

Similar trials of our credulity, equally devoid of wit and originality, followed in rapid succession, until suddenly, as if by common consent, the whole party burst into a loud haw-haw, and swore, with expletives more imposing than delicate, that the Freshmen had had gulling enough for the first night. Of course we all protested that we had never been taken in at all, and joined heartily in the laugh, which set us at our ease. The wine went round and down, the decanters were refilled; to the meagre dessert succeeded an ample supper; songs of the liveliest and least decorous character cheered the festive meeting; black bottles, hot-water, and the necessary accompaniment—which, I need scarcely say,

was not *tea*—followed : clean packs of cards were produced ; money jingled ; laughter subsided ; strong words and powerful invective took its place ; night wore apace ; we Freshmen lost our half-crowns, and drowned our sorrow in the cider cup ; and, to end the eventful night, I had the honour of conducting the Whistler himself to his apartment at about four o'clock in the morning ; there divesting him of his chief articles of apparel, and inducing him by many arguments, more physical than intellectual, to seek relief between the calicoes on the summit of his “downy.”

Now, this little sketch, which has nothing new in it, and which you already could have penned probably by this time,—for these Freshmen’s “wines” are not peculiar to Sempitern,—has been adduced only and solely by way of a type.

These things are an allegory. Jimmy’s wine-party is an exact symbol of the University of Oxford, and, for aught I know, of Cambridge too. There is the same eagerness to have you, the same show of friendliness and hospitality at first, and the same false solemnity. They introduce you to the dignitaries. That individual who, like the gentleman’s dust in “Maud,” is blossoming in purple and red, and preceded by three sleek, smiling Esquire Bedels, bearing the silver mace of office—heaven forbid I should call it a

poker—is the Vice-Chancellor. You tremble : surely he is a man of might,—he, the virtual head of this great University,—surely he is the cleverest, and the ablest man in the place, to be made governor of such a famous institution. Poor, drivelling old party, dropping fast into his grave, and only keeping up life with the bottle ! Why, sir, not more than twenty years ago he was a meek, mild, stupid parson, in a very small retired village, with a very small retired income. He came to be Provost by seniority, and Vice-Chancellor by rotation. His wife beats him, and he is sick of his life.

Well, but come ; that is only one instance, and the high in office are always old women. But now these neat-looking, yet pimply gentlemen in white ties, long serious gowns, and unbroken caps with very long tassels—so suave in their manners, so delicate-voiced,—so kind to the young timid Freshman ? These are, indeed, your masters and pastors ; and they would fain grasp you to their bosoms, if it were not for their dignity ; they love you so, you dear, confiding, unsuspecting, full-pocketed verdant. But wait, my boy, till you have missed a few chapels, and then see what the tone of their correction will be. Wait till Commemoration, when the butcher, his father, and the butcheress, his mother, insist on coming up to see “ my son Charles, a Fellow of

his College, sir ;” and then mark the tyranny which this conceited erudite exercises over the parents of whom he is ashamed in his upstart vulgarity. Wait, better still, until after dinner, and steal in behind that screen in the common room. Listen there to their stuck-up twaddle, their ignorance of the world, their narrow prejudices, their schoolish wit ; wait a little later till you find one of them under Cain and Abel, or offering to put sober you to bed, when another glass would have made him legless ; or, standing on one side of Quad., murmuring a faint desire that his staircase would make haste and come round to him. Whistling Gulliver is his prototype.

Then, these smiling, pressing tradesmen, with their bows and their offers of unlimited credit, are but the *Syrtes Majores* of Mr Jimmy Tick’s little wine party. These willing Scouts, who draw you on to confidence, and blab all you say to the Dean, are but consistent with the rest.

All—all are bad : and all invite you, and treat you so jovially, only for the sake of your poor Freshman’s half-crowns.

Well, but it is a glorious thing to go to College to be a B.A. ; to be an Oxford man.

Wait, sweet verdant, till you have put the sleeves on, and then ask yourself what you have gained. Four, perhaps five, of the best years in your life are gone. You have got a Degree, but

not knowledge. You went up innocent, sober, honest. You leave with a corrupted mind, a vile habit of beer and wine drinking; you have spent a thousand pounds of papa's money, and you owe more than ever he will pay for you, or you will dare to confess to him. Being in debt is not honest; and you are in debt, and will be so for many years. Is this worth the prestige of Oxford?

But much depends on yourselves, though the system is most at fault.

Now, I am not going to give you advice. If I were, I would revenge myself on you for the loss of my last five shillings at the Charity Bazaar at my first Commemoration. A lovely creature with flaxen hair, and such blue eyes, was behind a stall. I could not buy dolls or pin-cushions; but I saw a charming little satin envelope, on which were the words, "Advice to Oxonians about to marry." One winning look from those deep blue seducers, and my money was on the counter. I tore open the envelope, and on the glossy, scented sheet, read the one word, "Don't." Ah! the cruel mirth on that lovely face! She whispered, "Don't be angry with me; go and revenge yourself on your friends, by inducing them to buy another." So I should write a flaring title, "Advice to young men about to matriculate at Oxford;" and on

the middle page of a hundred blank ones, you would find the monosyllable.

No, I am not so heartless. I would have you both read my book and go to Oxford. But go with your eyes open.

Horace Walpole (whom, by the bye, you will find a capital writer to quote from in your College essays, for he is full of epigram) says, that wit and ridicule are often much better than proof and argument. I don't pretend to more wit than my compeers; but you know any fool can laugh; and so I have treated a very serious subject in a very off-hand manner.

Now, you, my dear fellows, will one day be, I hope, M.A.'s of this great and glorious University. Your influence now, and your influence hereafter, can do more for reforming Oxford than all the commissioners and all the blue books in the kingdom. You are in fact the University of Oxford. Remember that without you the place would go to ruin. The Almsmen must have some one to teach and some one to fleece, and you are the obliging some ones.

This book will, I trust, show you what reforms are wanted. There are, first of all, facts to be reformed. We want a resident Chancellor, or at least some one as Head of Oxford who is not also Head of a House. We want visitors to the colleges who will take a real interest in them, and

do what they can with them. To both of these we want the power of appeal for the Undergraduate. Oh! if you are not very careful, you will soon find out this want for yourself, when your life begins to be blighted by collegiate injustice. Again, we want either more Proctors or none at all. We want a check upon the independence of the colleges; most of all upon their arbitrary scale of charges. We want the credit-system quashed entirely; and you, my dear fellows, if you have the strength of mind, can do much by setting the fashion of ready-money payments. When you come to my age and standing you will bless me for this advice.

Again, we want an entire remodelling of the educational system. We want you to have your minds properly trained and then properly stocked, that you may learn something more than you learnt at school of Greek and Latin,—something more than a smattering of Divinity, a smattering of history, a smattering of effete philosophy, a smattering of mathematics, and perhaps a smattering of natural science. We want to do away with these smatterings, and to give you a healthy training first, and healthful, useful practical knowledge afterwards.

These are only a few of the reforms of facts that are required, and these you may effect when you are M.A.'s.

But we want more than all these,—a reform of feeling; and this is in your power now at once. We want intimacy and openness between you and your Dons. You must be independent with them—not servile; respectful—but men. At present they treat you, and you act to them, like mere schoolboys. Treat them with confidence, dignity, and generosity, and you will soon find that they will treat you in the same manner. Above all, never be afraid of a Don. There is no greater temptation to a man to be a bully than to find those in his power afraid of him.

Again, respect yourselves, and the Dons will respect you. Let us have no more deceit, no more lies, no more drunkenness, no more obscenity, no more self-indulgence, no more reckless extravagance among you, and you will soon find that Oxford is not so very dangerous a place either for your pockets or your morals.

Since I wrote these papers, Oxford has been moving. In such a stagnant pool, the slightest ripple is cheering. First of all, there are now two Fellows of Colleges in Oxford, one of whom is married, and the other is allowed to marry.

Mr Price, the married Fellow, was allowed to keep his Fellowship when he took unto himself a wife; because he is one of the best mathematicians in Oxford, and therefore invaluable both to the University and the College.

The other, Mr Max Müller, is so eminent a man that to offer him, as a foreigner, a Fellowship, was but reasonable. This, however, he could not accept unless allowed to marry; and so the rule of celibacy was laid aside for once.

Do not imagine, therefore, that the celibacy of Fellows is abolished. Far from it. It is still one of those points to which you must turn your attention.

Again, I hear that the two dustholes of the University have been cleared out. This is a great reform—greater than that of tailor's bills. One dusthole, New Inn Hall, is either to be shut up for ever, or made into a private hall, which it has virtually been for some years. At the other—Skimmery—the new excellent Principal, a man whose abilities I would fain see directed to worthier objects, has advertised, somewhat strangely, for a number of frugal-minded young gentlemen, to be boarded and lodged for the reasonable sum of L.90 for the academic year. Side by side, however, with these,—with a view, probably, of making the rich pay for the poor—a very equitable arrangement, though somewhat republican, not to say utopian, in theory,—he proposes to admit a certain number of young gentlemen whose minds are bent less on frugality than the enjoyment of collegiate life, to whose expenses, judging from the old rates at Skim-

mery, positively no limit will be put, and who, moreover, will not be sullied by the contact of the frugal-minded, inasmuch as they dine in a separate apartment, where they can imbibe unmolested the purling Burton for which that miniature establishment is celebrated, and lighten the heaviness of the repast by jokes at the expense of the "frugals."

All this is charming for the Principal, the Butler, the Scouts, and the young Crœsi, who are willing to waive prestige for comfort. But do you not think that a man must be a great deal more than frugal-minded to put up with the contact of these gay young Wellborns, and find that the tart of humility is the standing dish at every meal he eats? Long life to Skimmery! I knew it in its palmy dusthole days, when two-thirds of its members had been shot like rubbish from colleges too hot to hold them; and I must say, that for comfort, beer, few lectures, and fewer chapels, familiar Scouts, easy Dons, and luxurious dinners, there is not such another place in Oxford. In short, it was one of the most comfortable hotels, and one of the most expensive, that any young man could go to. Many may the long-pursed youngsters be who seek the rich fountains of its Pale, but few—I cannot help the wish—be the frugal-minded who may be willing to endure their insolence.

With these slight ripples, however, we must be content, when we remember that this dead sea, which lies so barren in the midst of the fertile progress of this age, has neither inlet nor outlet, nor any ebb and flow to wash its sterile shores.

But our Alma Mater has done more. Proud of her own exclusive sanctity, and presuming on the false prestige of her Degree, she has condescendingly opened an outer court for the Gentiles, who, I rejoice to say, have flocked to it in good force.

Now, it may or may not be true that the middle-class examinations, as they are haughtily called, will encourage a system of artificial cramming at the schools, the more so if boys under sixteen are allowed to stand, and if a list of books for the examination is published beforehand. The system, too prevalent everywhere, of examining in books rather than subjects, is a very pernicious one. A boy who can construe six books of Virgil with perfection, and scarcely a line of Horace, does not know Latin, but only Virgil's idiom of it, and his mind cannot be said to have been trained by the study of Latin. Again, it may be true that for the sake of advertising their schools—already dozens of schools head their advertisements with the words "Oxford Middle-Class Examinations"—schoolmasters will work up the promising lad and neglect the rest, while

silly, short-sighted parents, ambitious of honour for their offspring, will insist on their boys being taught specially instead of generally—crammed instead of trained.

But for all this, these examinations will raise the character of school-teaching, and, what is better, make it uniform. Polygraphico-æsthetics will be abandoned for the more useful teaching of a few subjects, if only Oxford will be true to her principles rather than her practice, and encourage TRAINING of the mind before stock-ing, tilling before sowing, manuring before planting. Already the subjects for these examinations are too numerous; already they encourage boys ambitious of seeing their names in several classes to attempt too much, and acquire smatterings of many sciences before their minds are fit to take in any. This is always the burden of my song, and shall be till some one will come and listen to me,—that the boy's mind must be *trained* before it is stocked.

Now, these examinations will have just that effect on commercial and proprietary schools that a public matriculation-examination would have on the large public schools. By such tests does Oxford quietly and unobtrusively give the law to the schoolmasters, and chalk out the plan for their course of education. It were well if Oxford would be content to take languages as

the tilling ploughs (she can, if she please, add French and German to Greek and Latin), and leave Mathematics to Cambridge. But however this may be, why should the commercial and proprietary schools be more favoured than our public schools? Why should Toots, Esq., A.A., ætate 15, who will pass the rest of his life behind a counter or in a small counting-house, be better educated than the sons of gentry, destined for the Church, the Bar, or the House of Commons? In justice to what Oxford calls, I presume, the upper classes, we ask for a public matriculation examination to raise and fix the standard of public school training as these middle-class examinations will that of the others.

But Oxford is caught in her own trap. In order to quiet such grumblers as I am, she opened this outer court, and, to make it popular, offered the A.A. degree. Prophecies for a time to which none of us will live are safe, and I will therefore make one. I say, then, that before this time next century, unless Oxford materially improves her educational system, she will not have above a score of Undergraduates within the range of those small stones on which we see the figure of her own dear, thick-headed, haughty, irascible, blindly-rushing bull, just one mile round Carfax. Ere long, people will learn that A is not so very inferior a letter to B, and find that it is better to

be A.A. at 16, and at the small cost of a short journey and moderate fee, than B.A. at 23 at the expense of a thousand pounds. The cheap, though inferior article, must oust the dear exclusive one in time. Say it is the vice of the age, or what you will. It is a *fact*; all tradesmen know it, all manufacturers, wherever there can be competition, and it will be the case too with degrees. It is a vulgar view, I admit, but I fancy the buyers of the thousand pound B.A. will dwindle down more and more, and the bidders for a guinea's worth of A.A. honour grow in number, and rise in position, and so Oxford will drug herself with the very sop which she has now thrown to the reformers, and go on in her conservatism till no reform can save her.

A word or two of egotism, and I have done. Don't think that I write this book from malice, disappointment, or prejudice. The editor of "*Terræ-filius*" and the author of the "*Oxford Spy*" may have done so, but not I. If I have suffered at the hands of the colleges, the University from which I held a scholarship has treated me very handsomely. Kindness nor injuries could alter my opinions, which grow from no personal feeling, but are based on a ten years' experience of University life, several years' profound reflection, and seven months' study of the subject. Few men, in fact, have had a larger Uni-

versity experience than I. I have been a member of the Universities of London, Bonn, Munich, and Oxford, and connected more or less with that of Paris. I thought it well to introduce some account of these institutions, in order that that of Oxford might come out in its true light; but I am no more a blind admirer of German than I am a prejudiced detractor of English Universities. I affirm that German students are less immoral than English Undergraduates; that German Dons, if more pedantic, are less narrow-minded, less drunken than ours. I add, that their discipline is more sensible. But I do not pretend that their despotic constitution would suit our English notions; while I think their educational system far too professional, aye, and too professorial for a University, though certainly more in accordance with the requirements of the age.

You still wonder why I wrote, and yet more why I publish these papers. My reason is this. There are abuses at Oxford which no Blue-book touches on; and Blue-books, you who are to be Oxford rulers one day, would never read. There are errors in constitution and education at Oxford with which the commissioners have never troubled themselves. What the commissioners have done is well enough in its way, but that way was a narrow one. To expose these abuses,

and point out these errors, I have dared to put on the gloves with this mammoth University; and if it will return this my first blow, I shall be happy to parry and attack anew. That my impudence may do good, is all the wish of

MEGATHYM SPLENE.

LETTER
TO
THE DONS OF OXFORD.



LETTER II.

TO THE DONS OF OXFORD.



EVEREND (BUT NOT REVERED) SIRS,—

It is not often you have a whole book written about yourselves. Thackeray has given you a niche among the Snobs, rare Theodore had his fling at you, and half the novels that were writ when you and I were young, took their young lords to Christ-church, where they were benevolently entreated by the stiff but warm-hearted college tutor, who in after life was sure to be raised to a bishopric, and called in on the last page to unite the happy Ernest to the long-expectant Augusta. But when I went to the British Museum to coach up for these papers, and to learn whether the Dons of eld differed in any wise from the Dons of to-day, I could not find a single satisfactory account of you. True, that good old church-haunter, Anthony à Wood,

whom your forerunners treated so shamefully (but dear old Bliss—peace to his ashes!—has built a sepulchre for *that* prophet), let fly a sly note here and there, in which you saw charity and reverence warring it in his old bosom with the love of truth. True, there was the jaundiced venom of “*Terræ-filius*,” who had no charity and less reverence, and the mild sarcasm of “*The Oxford Spy* ;” but though I found many an imperfect history of the University of Oxford, though Mr Heywood and the Blue-books murmured round the corner against you, like small boys at a big bully, I could meet with nothing that told of your glorious predecessors, and no less excellent selves ; for you are not degenerate—no, no.

So, as this little effusion talks of you far more than you have perhaps ever been talked of before, you may well wonder why I should have addressed it to the Freshmen rather than the Dons of Oxford. To tell you the truth, I have still my ancient fear of you hanging about me. If I think of you at all, it is to remember Sammy—excuse the levity of a mere B.A.—chewing his lips, and asking me if I could expect the College to give me my testimonials after cutting two morning chapels the week before. It never occurred to the dear old boy—how my heart yearns to him still—that I should go to

chapel for any higher motive,—how should it? Had not Sammy for years been accustomed to look on chapel-going only as a part of the system? Or if I think of you in another light, it is to remember Snaffles clinging so helplessly to the railings of the Radcliffe, waiting for his college-gate to come round to him. Indeed, as men, I love you—now that I am out of your clutches; but, as Dons, I always feared you—for did you not hold my future in your hands?—and the old shudder comes over me when I think of you.

Well, now that I have writ the Freshmen a word or two of banter, I feel as if I owed you too something, but not of the same metal. No, I approach you with awe and diffidence, knowing that I could never win anything but your contempt though I were to speak like a Solomon; for of all the direst nightmares of your mulled-port slumbers, interference is justly the most terrible. Of what use, indeed, is a Habeas Corpus Act, if habeas corporationem is not to be respected? You have your corpus like the city of London; and not the voices of all the vile radicals and low reformers of the kingdom shall induce you to give up one iota of its dignity, though it be as silly as the Man in Brass, though it be as useless as your six majestic pokers.

And, believe me, the world does not undervalue your obstinacy and your exclusiveness.

You have succeeded in your opposition to a royal commission—more praise to you for snubbing timid bunglers—and success is worshipful. It may be that Edith and Eleanore who meet you at Torquay or Cheltenham in the “Long,” pronounce you bores, but Edith and Eleanore are foolish girls, mere flirts and misses ; and you have your own believing Maries who are certain that you never look at a decanter, and that you are one of the minor philosophers struggling under the oppression of the age to glorious ends, and will wait for you should it be till they are forced to take to fronts. I do not say that Mary has red hair, a potato-nose, and splay feet.

It is true there is such a word as “donnish” in the English language, a slang term, born in some low brain ; but only let those who think that “stiff, stuck-up, martinetish,” are its synonyms, be invited to your jovial Common-room, will they not forthwith amend their dictionaries and write “merry, port-loving, red-faced,” in their place.

Oh ! I know the world has maligned you, and I take up the glove to fight your battle.

Now a very common charge, brought against you is, that you live “out of the world.” How ridiculous ! as if any man within reach of a day’s post from London ; any man who can read the “Times” on the morning of publication ; any man

who, for the small sum of 8s. 4d., can be in town in a couple of hours, could be called "out of the world"—in this present nineteenth century. Of what good, indeed, are newspapers at all, if not to kill those great foes of man's ambition, time and space, and bring all the world together? Then, too, how unfair the charge. If you took White's, Brooks's, Boodle's, nay, the Reform itself, and set it down in the midst of Salisbury Plain, with injunctions that none of the members should quit it for a fortnight, would not those fierce, fiery, bewhiskered loungers flatten their handsome noses on the bow-windows, staring at Stonehenge and vacancy till they were as much out of the world as you are? Or even if the charge were true, where is the blight in it? Is the world so good that we should wish to live in it or die at once? Has not every reaction from social degradation commenced with asceticism? Or what need have you of the world? True, you are to prepare young souls for the battle of life, but that is no cause why you should know anything of that warfare yourselves; of course not. You say with reason that it is not the Chelsea pensioner nor the veteran of a hundred fights who coaches young aspirants for the Army Examinations, but the sleek, shrewd scribe, whose flashing steel was tempered by Mordaunt, and drips with the gore not

of Sepoys, but of the inkstand. If Latin, French, Dictation, and the Rule of Three, be enough for the assaulters of a Sebastopol or a Delhi, surely Livy and Aristotle should carry a man bared ready for the laurel to the Church, the Bar, the Senate, and the Meet. What need, then, have you of more knowledge than Greek and Latin? What need of that impertinent affected peacock, the world, flaunting its useless gaudy tail of fashion, and uttering its hideous screech of scandal, worse than ten thousand railway whistles.

Ah! if the idiot had put the charge in another form, and said that you live too much in a world of your own, I fear, as our counsel say, since the base "attempt of the bench to gag the bar," that my instructions would not permit me to refute the charge. For though you do read your Timeses and do take a second-class return to town once in three months, you must confess that your *interests* are not in the world of Europe, but the world of Oxford. You must admit that your Common-room talk is terribly local, contemptibly narrow; that you bring far more learning and a great deal more zeal to bear on the question, whether the Undergraduates shall wear narrow sleeves, or full sleeves, or no sleeves at all, than on that whether India can be best governed by Englishmen or by Anglo-Indians. This localism

may suit a wardmote or vestry-meeting, or board of directors, but surely to be engrossed by it is unworthy of the teachers and trainers of the prime model youth of England. Do you think that when your own pet Stagirite had to coach the crown prince of the northern land, he shut his eyes to all the policies of Greece, to all the passing history of *his* world? Yet you prepare the Lords and Commons of a land which rules the *οἰκουμένη*, if Alexander conquered it, to believe the patriotic pæans that our street boys whistle. You say, truly enough, that as your intercourse with your pupils is so limited, and as politics and social questions can scarcely be mingled with Latin composition and Greek verbs in the class-room, it matters little, as far as responsibilities go, whether you live in your own little humbugging, conceited, shallow-brained circle, or the nobler, larger world of the five continents; and you are right, but then the system is wrong, and of that anon. However this may be, it is undoubtedly true that you would stand higher with the country, higher particularly with those deluded strangers who find their way from time to time to the formal circle of your cheerful Common-room, with its little round table to each man, three bumpers, a plate, and blue finger-glass on each, if you condescended to admit the Imperial Parliament on an equal footing with

your own mighty Convocation, and the decrees of your nation on almost as important ground as the statutes which provide that an Undergraduate shall not flirt with a taverner's daughter, nor play marbles on the steps of the Old Clarendon. In the "Long" you would find the difference. Edith and Eleanore would not complain that you talked like a man who had just emerged, after a long residence, from the bowels (to use a word expurgated by the editors of Watts' Hymns) of this earth; while even Mary would think your minor philosophy better applied than when she saw you last.

Another charge brought against you is clearly calumnious. It has been said that you are monastic in your lives,—Protestant monks, in short. Now the much-maligned recluses of former ages were a very different set to you. They were learned. You cannot pretend to more than the shadow of learning. They were diligent and contemplative. Your diligence consists in giving two so-called lectures on Horace or Virgil of a morning, and your evening contemplation is directed to the decanter. They produced great works, such as none but the reflectiveness of a Yogin and the patience of a German professor could produce. What have you done for science, learning, or general knowledge in all these many years? They gave alms liberally. The poors'

rates—though you make the Undergraduates pay them—have been a subject of bickering and grumbling with you for years.

No, no; the comparison with the monks of old is by no means a flattering one for—them. But it is only fair to concede that you have some points of resemblance to the ancient hypocrites. You have the same virulent and laudable aversion to the gentler sex. You seem to be of the opinion of a certain King of Judæa, who certainly would have been a better and a happier man if he had been a College-fellow or a Benedictine monk; that a talkative wife is as bad as the drip, drip, of the rain from the house-eaves on a very wet day.

Then, too, you have the same wonderful facility of imposing on the world, and passing yourselves off for the essences of piety, propriety, calm wisdom, and impartial judgment.

But the worst calumny of all was that against your moral characters and mode of life in general. Of course, I, though your advocate, won't pretend that there may not be as many as twenty of your number who are put to bed two or three times a term; that there certainly are not four or five who have suffered more or less from the disease called D. T. (heaven forbid I should write it in full), and that there may not be two, or even three, perhaps four, Heads of houses who are

known to have too pathetic a tenderness for the bottle. But what of that? If there are 20 drunkards among some 200 resident Fellows, it is only one in ten. If there are four boozied Skulls, it is only one in six. For members of the ecclesiastical order—for guardians of young souls easily led astray—for the supposed poor and pious class for whose maintenance certain founders left certain moneys—this is really very little.

But the question has a better side still. I regret infinitely that there is not some one, perhaps even two, confirmed drunken tutors in each college; for, strange to say, I have observed that where there are such, the Undergraduates take it into their heads that it is low to get drunk, and remain sober in consequence. "What! my dear fellow," says one to another who is already shaking the port a little, "would you go and be like that beast Snaffles? I wouldn't be on an equality with that fellow for anything." So Snaffles' little weakness is the strength of the student.

But, after all, no man of sense would dream of quarreling with you for mere single cases, though they might think it looked ill for the character of your society in general that D. T. should not exclude a man from the Common-room. But what they do attack with more justice is—not your drunkenness, but your drinking. It is because you, who ought to be students and men of

learning, and deep thinkers, and of pure, simple, self-denying habits, and of chaste, godly lives, pass evening after evening in a hot Common-room, drinking till you are at least heavy-eyed, talking either local gossip, frivolous scandal, or even that insidious inuendo which is ten times more dangerous than the loud, direct, Anglo-Saxon obscenity of the Undergraduate ; it is because when you don't drink in Common-room you pass the evening over whist and whisky and water ; it is because Common-room is not an occasional entertainment only, like the young men's "wines," which you blame so much, but a daily assemblage, where the mere fact of some ten or twelve men, with nothing to do, and lots of time to do it in, sitting round the festive decanters, is temptation enough for wine-bibbing and pedantry ; because you give so much time to such so-called society, and so very little to work ; because you make no effort whatever to mingle with, encourage, repress, or look after the souls committed more intimately than any other community could be to your charge ; because of all these things, that the world says that your lives are not good.

Can you not see, my dear old Fogies, that this mode of life might perhaps be excusable in men who had no responsibilities, if any such there could be upon earth ; though to waste even one

day of this precious life has always seemed to me a sin; but in you, who, more than all, have a great duty to perform—1st, to society at large; 2d, to those confiding, foolish parents, who entrust you with their progeny; 3d, to the souls of that progeny itself; 4th, to the founders who keep you to do all these duties;—can you not see that in you, clergymen of the Church of England, and the chief pillars of a great institution, these vices are doubly blameable?

Oh! if we could see you somewhat paler in face—particularly about the nose—burning the midnight oil surrounded by folios, preparing great works of learning to astound the world like those that German Universities do produce; nay, even preparing your next day's lecture; if we could see Common-room abolished everywhere, and men content to invite one another from time to time; if, to add to all this, we could ever see any one of you at home by his own fireside, fondling with delight an infant fresh from God upon his knees, and not ashamed to smile upon it, but rejoicing in the sweet face of Edith, Eleanore, or Mary on the other side of the ingle,—I, as your counsel, would undertake, on my own responsibility, to promise that the calumnious accusation of being Protestant monks should never be uttered again.

It would make a book, and a very dull book too,

to refute all the charges brought against you, or which might be so brought. I shall content myself with a few general ones.

It is not true, then, that you are *all* prigs and pedants. There are a good many who don't know enough to be so, and a very few who know too much.

It is not true that you are *all* partial and unjust. Among two hundred men it is impossible that there should not be one Lot, not one just man, though it was not *my* lot to meet with him.

It is not true that you are *all* opposed to innovation or reform. There are even radicals among you; and you had a very *neat* specimen of them on the hustings not a hundred years gone.

It is not true that you are *all* ungentleman-like. I have known several "perfect gentlemen" among you. I grieve to say that the best of them are gone. Yet in such a college as Sempitern there was not one Fellow—not one—whom, for tact, delicacy, good breeding, and honour, I could have introduced with pleasure to my family;—and as for marrying my sisters, why, I should have you doing what a well-known character among you once did: he became engaged to a beautiful credulous girl when he had nothing to offer, kept it on for five years, and one day quietly wrote to say he must break it off for no reason under the sun. When the brother went to him,

whip in hand, in a frenzy, only abstaining from due castigation because of his cloth, the noble creature replied that he feared he had a liver complaint commencing, and that was the reason of his cruel conduct. And the rascal is as hale and hearty now, though it's many years ago, and drinks as much port as ever.

It is not true that you *all* talk scandal, gossip, localisms. Some of you don't talk at all ; others talk only of themselves, and so cannot be said to use any of the three.

It is not true that you *all* play cards. Many of you cannot.

It is not true that you are *all* idle, *all* narrow-minded, *all* intolerable bores. If you can get a Don into the country, put him on a kicking horse till you have shaken all the humbug out of him, surround him by witty, pretty flirts, to poke their fun and parasols at him, make him fetch and carry like a retriever, cut down his rations of beef and give him champagne instead of port, it is just possible that before the end of the "Long," if the treatment is vigorously carried out, he will be as jolly a fellow as ever lived. In fact, I have seen instances of the kind ; but I am bound to say that they are dangerous practice, inasmuch as they are always followed by marriage, and a renunciation for ever of Alma Mater.

But it is true, alas ! that you are all, without

exception, unnecessarily stiff. "Starch," says the Amsterdam Deacon in Rare Ben's "Alchemist," "is an idol." Would you would think it so, and pump over yourselves at the scullery door till you had got it all out. I don't complain of your stiffness among yourselves. If you choose to encumber yourselves with ridiculous ceremonies and etiquettes,—backing out of chapel, for instance, and bowing, not to the altar, but the Principal, as you go,—it makes no difference to me. Where you annoy such grumblers as I, is in your stiffness to those in *statu pupillari*. What is the use of it, and how is it brought about? Doodle and I were the greatest friends as Undergraduates. The calumet of conciliation and the wine-glass of waggishness were for ever uniting us in festive orgies and fruitful friendship. Alas! my Doodle was taken from me. They gave him a Fellowship, and left me like, his twin-brother, to sigh in solitude. Yet he swore—and Doodle could swear a few—that he would never turn Donnish, that all should go on as before. One fortnight he was faithful, and then the warm, friendly nod was exchanged for a more ceremonious greeting; the oak was sported, that had never been closed before; if I caught him at times, there was Stiffkin, the junior mathematical tutor, talking to him, and the two would stare me away calmly, kindly, but decisively. Oh! my Doodle, how bitter was

the estrangement!—and now you are quite the Don—Donner than the Donnest—Donnerwetter! Once I asked him the reason boldly: “It cannot be,” he answered in a voice that already assumed the suave oiliness of the true Dominus “You know it will not do for the Fellows to associate with the Undergraduates.”

And this is precisely the idea with most, if not all of you. Now, if it be the duty of a parish priest, as I believe it is, to visit and become intimate with every member of his congregation, it is surely doubly yours to know the characters, dispositions, failings, and vices of our sons, whom we commit to your charge. We expect you to take the place of their fathers and elder brothers, at an age when so much depends on a careful and gentle supervision. It is your duty. Nor would it derogate at all from your authority. If you had true dignity, a little confidence, a little friendliness, a little affection even, would add to the respect, while it took from the fear, which the youngsters feel for you. We do not ask you to visit them officially. We would not have you encourage hypocrisy. But go to them as friends. Waive your position for a time. Lead, guide them, where you now seek in vain to drive. You will be amply repaid in finding that your discipline becomes less necessary, that you will do with one word of advice what you cannot do now with

twenty of threats and correction. Treat the boys like men ; win their confidence ; offer your sympathy. I remember many a sad hour of self-reproach, when I was ashamed to seek sympathy among my boon-companions, and needed urgently the advice of more experienced minds. I would have given much if I could have approached any one of you freely, openly, and poured out my boy's heart to you. Believe me, there is much beauty in the heart of youth, much that would repay you to draw it out ; ambitions, hopes, aspirations, fresher, bolder, more generous than your own ; but I dared not. To whom did I go then ? Why, to a private tutor,—“ a coach,”—one of a class you despise—look down upon ; and in him I found a response, consolation, kind sympathy. Will you let the “ coach ” slip into that place which you, the appointed guardians, should be proud to hold ?

Our English Universities are failures. Look at it as we will, they do not draw the numbers which their prestige, their resources, the prizes they offer, nay, the alms they liberally give to the aspiring student, should allure to their lecture-rooms. The increase in their Undergraduates is ridiculously small in proportion to that of the educated classes of the country. I confess that the position now taken by the liberal professions—a position very inferior to that they took, when all our physicians and all our barristers had been

University men—may have much to do with this. But the fault lies also at your door ; and if you would see Oxford flourish, you must clear the pollution away. Sensible people will not send their sons to a University—will not lay out little less than L.1000—will not delay their entry upon life by some three years at least—will not risk the chance of their leaving it grossly in debt, if all they are to gain by it be the prestige. When they find that the eldest hope has deteriorated considerably in moral character, and found scarcely an equivalent for this loss in mental powers,—when they find that he has wasted his time and his money, and learned luxuries and vices he would not have learned elsewhere,—when they find that the B.A. for which all this has been spent is not a passport to any appointment, profession, or business, which he might not have entered on without it,—including the service of the Church, to which hundreds are now admitted who have never been at Oxford or Cambridge,—he may perhaps pocket the disappointment, but will certainly not send No. 2 to the same establishment.

Now, the abuses lie partly with the system, partly with yourselves. But, then, even the system is more or less under your control, if you are regent members of Convocation. These abuses are,—1st, The expense, which is perhaps the easiest to deal with ; 2d, The partial, imperfect, and un-

just discipline, which, after two or three years of hopeful battling, may expel or refuse testimonials to a man not guilty of more than a venial breach of it, or, perhaps, not guilty at all,—may, in short, ruin his prospects, and leave him on the world with a bad name for life ; 3*d*, The insufficiency, not to say uselessness of the education ; 4*th*, The corruption of ill-regulated society, the temptations of which it is in your power to remove in great measure ; 5*th*, The credit-system, over which you have the power of control, if you would use it ; 6*th*, The absence of those softer and better influences which a slight admixture of female society would yield ; 7*th*, The risk of contracting a contempt or indifference to religion, where its practice is compulsory and part of a system, instead of being encouraged as voluntary.

These abuses are discussed in the following papers ; and though many of you will differ in opinion as to the means of removing them, all, I think, will allow that there is more or less ground for complaint. To these I call your attention ; and if I could only bring you to recognise the real responsibility of your office, I have little fear that you would neglect to use the powers vested in you for their removal. All, for the present, depends on you. No University commissions, no wholesale reforms, no radical changes of system, no wars between privileges collegiate and

universitarian will effect anything, unless you, as responsible agents, work along with them. A purer life, a higher motive, a deeper zeal, a thirst after good, and a consciousness that hereafter, if not here, the tale of our sins will be brought up against you,—these are the changes I would see in you. If I have begun in laughter, I end in sighs. For the sake of education, for the sake of English worth and English prosperity, for the sake of your own fair fame, for the sake of the young souls put out to nurse with you, I beg, I implore, I beseech you to look to the evils, and zealously, honestly, put your hand to the work of destroying them. If much experience, much reflection, free from any spite, though bitter perhaps betimes, have any weight with you, I shall rejoice that they have been brought forward by the impertinence of,

Your friend and foe together,

MEGATHYM SPLENE.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETY.

PART I.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETY.

“ἀμφοῖν γὰρ ὄντοιν φίλοιιν, ὅσιον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.”

ARISTOTLE.

“Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas.”



YES, yes, they are dear, those old college days! Who has been at a university, and does not heave a little sigh at their remembrance? Here I am, a worthy German official, with a wife and five squalling brats. True, I have the much-respected title of “Royal-Prussian-Rivers-and-Ditches-Inspection-Commission-Deputy-Assistant-Clerk.” It looks well under my simple name, at the bottom of an official letter; and I get £60 per annum for it. But for twelve hours a-day I am bending over a desk; and when I go home to my pipe and beer, there are those five brats. Ough! have I not a right to sigh at the name of Bonn?

Ah! we are there in the large bow-window, with the broad blue Rhine rippling, babbling, rushing in arrowy currents, whirling in fierce

pools below us; we have a bowl of mai-trank on the table; and we are light-hearted, careless, jovial. Or we are off to those Seven Hills, on foot, with a few groschen a-piece for "ein schopen bier;" we know where we shall get it—where the wirthin's daughter will pour it with her own red hand, that we love better than a princess's; and we go talking philosophy all the way. What philosophy! The dreams of boys who know nothing of the world. So grand, so illogical, so unreal, so enthusiastic! How we could dream then! Or there is a serenade to-night, given to a favourite professor. We draw on huge martial riding-boots, with clangingspurs, and mount little ponies that have no more spirit in them than toads, and yet we can't sit them. We buy long torches, dip the fire on the heads of the Philistines, and join the procession. They are singing noble German pæans to their old friend—singing as only German students can sing, and we are very jovial. And lastly—ah! why last?—there is the little fräulein at the little window that looks upon the Seven Hills, and I am singing my last serenade to her on my old guitar. Heigh-ho! My wife comes in now, greasy and dirty from cooking the dampf-nudeln for supper, and I must forget the little fräulein. Heigh-ho!

But no! I am no German bureau slave. I am a free Briton. Free? Yes, a curate on £70

a-year in the dullest country-town in England. I am sick of the gossip, and scandal, and eternal nonsense of these old maids—sick of the attentions of the five Miss Browns—sick of trying to reform the drunkards of my parish, who come to church in the morning and listen to my laboured sermons, only to reel home from the pot-house at night and beat their wives. Oxford? Oh! Oxford seems paradise to this. What reckless dogs we were! I had two hundred a-year there, and spent three. No matter, I enjoyed it. I see myself now, in jersey and cap, all of one colour, pulling for very life in the torpid-race, and still hear the cheers from the bank as we bumped Brasenose. And then, when I got a little faster, how I used to ride across country with Ridout and Stickles—Stickles, who never *could* get over the bullfinches. And how I won that race at Bullingdon on Charley Symonds' mare. Or then the Sundays, that some men thought so slow. They were our most glorious days. We used to go out three and three to Godstowe, where fair Rosamond was buried, or something—we never knew, and didn't care. We lived for the present, not the past; but we fought the Peninsula over again with old Lipscomb the fisherman, and wickedly eyed his seven pretty daughters, each prettier and more modest than the last. And then the Commemorations;

then the long winter evenings—port and walnuts, and careless, merry talk ; and the long summer days on the Cherwell—lying on cushions in a punt, and reading novels. Ah, well-a-day ! I am a curate now, and here comes my churchwarden (ah ! those long churchwardens we used to smoke !) to complain about something.

Yes, they are dear, these memories ; but Truth stands before me with her hideous mask. She draws it off, and shines in all her beauty, gazing at me with sad, sorrowed eyes. She says,—“Are you not ashamed of this ? To prefer old chums, and wine, and beer, and careless mirth, to me—me, Truth ?”

And I say,—“Truth, I do love thee ;” and bid her lead on the memories one by one, unmasked, naked, horrible, and let me see them through the glass of Truth. Drop !

One part of our subject can be disposed of rapidly. University society, as a distinct phenomenon, is only found in University towns—as Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Bonn, Heidelberg, and a score of German places. In the Universities located in mother-cities, the one element which distinguishes collegiate from other society—*esprit du corps*—is wanting. The professors are merely a portion of the general learned body, and the students have the same habits, the same amusements, the same vices, as the rest of the

town-youth. It is strange, however, that in most cases these habits, amusements, and vices are of a lower order among the worshippers of knowledge than among the simple seekers of pleasure. The young men in the army, or in public offices—nay, even those employed in business, rarely descend to the low dissipation of the medical student, who, in their eyes, ranks beneath them all. But perhaps it is not fair to take medical students, at least in the British Islands, as members of the Universities; and we will therefore speak of those who are acquiring a more general education.

In my day, the students of the “Arts End” of University College, London, were a dull but respectable body of young men—too young, perhaps, to have left school. I was fifteen when I went there, and was no exception to the rule of age. There were a few black sheep among them, it is true—boys, quite unfit to be sent alone to London, who followed the example of the medical students, and thought it a fine thing to be seen at Caunt’s, the Turkish, and the Blue Posts; who revelled in the ratting-pit, and were at home in the sparring-ring; but these came rarely among us, just to a lecture or two, to prevent the conscientious professors from refusing their certificate, and had little influence on the rest of the students.

Living with their families, or in lodgings, at some distance from one another, the students of the London University meet chiefly at lectures, in the cold arcades, in the playground,—for they *have* a playground,—and in the debating-room. Some attempt has been made to create a closer union among them, by admitting a certain number to residence within King's College, and by building University Hall behind Gower Street ; but what is thus gained in the exercise of discipline is lost in that independence and individuality which aid in the chief collateral object of University education—namely, the preparation of the man for the world. Nor is the object of this seclusion really attained. I have heard described an easy method of leaving King's College after midnight, to which those who pant for the low nocturnal dissipations of the metropolis constantly resort. The juvenile pleasure-seeker climbs along a narrow ledge that hangs over the river, opens an old door by means of a knife, finds himself in Somerset House, fees the watchman from time to time, and is let out by the porter, who knows nothing of his business, into the Strand. This is similar to the wall-climbing so common at one time in Oxford and Cambridge, that men have been known to sit on the walls of their own colleges, making ironical remarks to the Proctor and his men, who stood helpless beneath them.

Young as they are, I have often been struck by the general intelligence which the members of the London University display, as compared with those of the same standing at Oxford. This is particularly notable in the debating societies of the respective Universities. While in Gower Street questions of universal interest were discussed on their real merits, and in a broad, liberal spirit, the Union Debating Club at Oxford is nothing but a scene of disgraceful disorder. Every question that is propounded is taken up in a purely party spirit. Boys fresh from home, adopting the narrow Conservatism of their provincial parents, for no reason but that it is the political bias of their families (an amount of filial respect which is rarely shown in cases of more vital importance), utterly ignorant of the subjects under discussion, and guided only by the trite watchwords of their party, descend to the commonest personalities and the noisiest declamation, and the spirit of the supper-party is carried unblushingly into the thick of the so-called debate. The few who are calm are by no means interesting. There is Dunder of St Allsides, a "double-first in Mods," an "honour to his college," as the Dean wrote the other day to his father—an "awfully clever man," as the Freshmen whisper to one another. He is pale as death, paler a great deal than when before the

examiners. He stammers out "Mr President," hems, clears his throat, and gives vent to some antique platitude; hems again, shuffles uncomfortably with his feet, repeats the platitude, and appends another; till at length, having thought it his duty to speak, but not knowing what to say, he collapses, and sits down. But Dunder is a rank Conservative, and is listened to with respect; nay, the next man who gets up begins by saying, "After the eloquent remarks of the honourable gentleman who," &c. Now and then a good temperate speech is made, and you are surprised at the silence with which it is received. You learn that it is a maiden oration, and it is hinted that the speaker was three weeks preparing it, and has it all on paper in his pocket.

That splendid mausoleum in Gower Street, erected on the principle of religious liberty, has deteriorated into a mere denominational University. Quakers and Unitarians had the majority in my day. Baptists, Independents, and Wesleyans came next. There was a fair sprinkling of Jews, and even a couple of real Brahmins from the Ganges. But the members of the Church of England were few and far between, and Romanists flitted like ghosts. I have heard there what I never heard elsewhere—a young man, in a knot of his fellow-students, boldly asserting his belief that there is no God, and

listened to without a shudder. I always thought that religious liberty and irreligion were two distinct things, but perhaps I am prejudiced.

The students of Paris are certainly distinguished from the other young men of that capital in some respects, but cannot be said to have a separate society. They have, indeed, their own district—the Quartier Latin; their own low cabarets, estaminets, and *bastaringues*, where they dance the can-can to perfection; their own promenade,—the gardens of the Luxembourg,—where they may generally be seen with a grisette on their arm. But their amusements and habits are those of the city, and have nothing peculiar to an *alma mater*, unless it be a predilection for dirtiness and untidiness, and a love of being seen at all hours of the day in slippers and dressing-gowns, even in the public streets.

We may, therefore, pass on to the society of University towns; and, beginning with those of Germany, take Bonn on the Rhine as a fair specimen.

I may as well premise that none is properly a University town, save those in which the University predominates over the town. This is the case with most German Universities, except just those in the various capitals. They have not, indeed, that mighty warlike spirit of the Oxford

Freshman, who issues forth to the terrible battle of "Town and Gown" on the 5th of November, having worked up a hitherto dormant ire against the Oppidans, by means of many a glass of woody port, and much boasting among his comrades of former achievements, and is amazed to find how rapidly "those rascally cads" fall beneath his juvenile fist; but, to compensate for these annual demonstrations of hostility against "the town,"—a sorry remnant of the once bloody fights in the days when mayors of Oxford delighted to lock up Undergraduates in Bocardo,—they have unfortunately a more real feeling of enmity against the Philistines, as "the town" are called, which shows itself only at uncertain periods, when a just cause for indignation arises; and this feeling is kept alive by various little annoyances on the part of the tradesmen, who cannot stand the overbearing manners of the burschen.

However, here, as in Oxford, the University maintains the town, which has therefore to play second fiddle. The professors are thus the leaders of the German society. My first introduction to this professional society affords an example of the simplicity and ease surrounding it, and will just now be read with some interest.

I had an introduction to Professor B——, whose position gave him the lead among the members of the University. One day a note (in

English) was put into my hands, and ran thus : " Mrs B—— has the pleasure to invite Mr —— (the student) for this evening, half-past five, to a small coffee-dancing party." The shortness of the invitation, and the early hour, did not lead me to expect much, but being new to the Continent, I did not make my appearance till half-past six. I found a large party assembled in a pretty but very small drawing-room, and afterwards learned that, according to German etiquette, they had been waiting to begin both coffee and dancing till I arrived. Mrs B—— came up, and at once led me by the hand round the room, introducing me separately to every lady and gentleman present. I was quite weary of bowing, when at last she presented me to a young man who differed in nothing from the rest, except that he stood somewhat apart, and as I knew too little of German to catch any names, I had no idea that he was in any way distinguished.

The gentlemen, with the exception of two or three professors, were all students; and certainly their appearance was by no means *recherché*. The coffee was handed, the cups set down, a piano struck up in the opposite room, and immediately each young man made his way to a young lady, bowed, gave her his hand, and conducted her in silent pantomime to the dance.

As I knew very little of German, and nothing of Teutonic manners, I slipped out at once when the dance was over, and led my partner back to her seat. This I repeated after each dance, and I was not long in discovering that I was the object of some animadversion. At length the cotillon came, and I was fortunate enough to be introduced to a Scotch young lady, the only foreigner in the room besides myself. During the cotillon I observed that the ordinary-looking young man of whom I have spoken received from the rest a peculiar deference. Whenever a young lady was led into the middle of the room to throw up her handkerchief, it was sure to be so managed that this youth should catch it, and thus secure the waltz with its owner. At last a young lady, with whom I had danced once already, and whose pretty face and excellent waltzing had caused a slight palpitation in my juvenile heart, was led to the centre of the room. Being the prettiest girl there, there was some eagerness about the young men. I was determined to catch the handkerchief; caught it, and performed my waltz. When I returned to my place, my partner said to me,

“Do you know what you have done?”

“Nothing very shocking, I hope.”

“A terrible breach of manners, here. You should have allowed the prince to catch that

young lady's handkerchief. Did you not see how eager he was to dance with her?"

"The prince? What prince?" I asked, in surprise.

"The young Prince of Prussia."

"You don't say so. Is he here? Which is the young hopeful?"

She then pointed out the young man I have mentioned, and added: "I am afraid you have offended him more than once this evening."

"How so?"

"In leaving the room before him."

I was much annoyed at vexing royalty, but soothed myself by taking an inventory of the youth, and developing the conviction that no acuteness on my part would have enabled me to discover blood-royal within him. He was then very young, and very different from what he appeared when I saw him at Oxford, two years ago. He was tall, slight, pale and plain in face, with smooth cheeks and chin, and remarkably short dust-coloured hair. He wore a coat, by no means a new one, buttoned up across the breast, and a somewhat shabby black satin stock. His expression, however, was honest and good-natured; and I saw that his Royal Highness was more amused than annoyed at the *gaucherie* of the republican Englishman, when, on leaving, he gave me a kind but significant smile.

There were three other young princes at the University when I was there—Hainault-Dessau, Saxony, and another with a frightfully long name, which I have forgotten. Dessau was a good-looking, quiet youth, who held himself above the most élite of the clubs—the Prussians. Saxony—a second son, I think—was often to be seen in the middle of a row of eight or ten “white-caps,” rather the worse for Liebfrauenmilch.

German professors may be described by four epithets—very learned, very good-hearted, rather conceited, and very dirty. They are of two classes—regular professors, who are paid by government, generally married, and standing well in their own little world, all men of high reputation in their several departments, and, when sufficiently rich to show it, of elegant tastes, and good manners; and the *privat-docens*, or private professors, younger men who lecture in the University, and receive fees from the students.

The latter are those who really afford the type of what is commonly known in England as a German Professor. The description of one will serve for all.

When in Munich I wanted to read the “Agamemnon” with some one who really understood it. I was directed to a Dr W——. I was shown into a small study, surrounded by an immense

number of books—chiefly unbound—and there beheld my future preceptor, who, at first sight, was extremely repulsive. He was short and stout, with a huge mass of coarse black hair sticking up from his head, and evidently long unacquainted with brush and comb. His face was red and bloated, and his coarse features of the true Teutonic type. He wore a loose dressing-gown, which I at first mistook for a sheep-skin, which, à la Brian O'Linn, had the fleshy side out and the woolly side in, and under it literally none but the one indispensable garment. To complete my astonishment and disgust—for neither the doctor nor his vesture were of spotless cleanliness—he took from a box a handful (nothing less) of moist snuff, which soon smeared his face and linen.

Such was the exterior, but the real worth only appeared by degrees.

“In what language would you like your lectures to be given?” he asked me very kindly after the preliminary arrangements. “German, English, French, Latin, Greek; or, let me see, modern Greek? Which do you understand most easily?”

“English, of course, sir.”

“And which least?”

“Greek, I think.”

“Then we will talk Greek if you please.”

I soon found that it was impossible to follow him, and we changed it to Latin, which he spoke as rapidly as German, and no less purely. We afterwards returned to Greek, and thence to Modern Greek, and in these languages he would discourse for hours on the difficulties of the "Agamemnon."

This man rose at five in the morning, and went to bed at eleven at night. During this time he never left his study, save for meals and half-an-hour's exercise, for he was not then engaged at the University. He never sat down, but worked standing at a desk, and what do you think he was chiefly engaged on?—an edition of Shakspeare, whom he continually assured me no Englishman had yet been able to understand; and on whom it was reserved for himself and other German scholars to throw a true light.

He was an admirable Greek critic, and knew *Æschylus* by heart. He never left off his notes to Shakspeare when reading with me, but would turn from his books every moment, and explain to me in Greek or Latin the meaning of each word or passage, adding the names of his authorities most conscientiously.

This man asked as remuneration the sum of one pound per month. At Oxford an inferior "coach," who could not hold a candle to Dr W——, demands just ten times that amount.

These learned and excellent men, in spite of dirt and dreaminess, are sometimes fearfully poor. Vollmer, with whom I read Mœsogothic, an eminent Teutonist, and editor of the "Nibelungen," had but one room for all purposes. The dear old fellow—I wonder if he is still alive—had had a stroke of palsy, and often when I went to him I found him in bed. Yet such was his love of teaching, that he would even then insist on my taking my lesson.

The wealthier professors live in tasteful houses, where they collect all that is curious and rare, in their department. Their wives are homely, excellent women; and their daughters, though they spend many hours of their day in the practice of cookery, are often elegant, always well-informed. There is only one drawback to professional society—its pedantry, and consequent dulness; but this must be pardoned in men whose life circulates between their pipe and their books, and who give to Europe those profound and wondrous works which no other men could produce.

German students—with their beer-fights, their sword-fights, their kneipen, their commerser, their loves and their labours—have been too often described to need more than a general review here.

They may be divided into two classes—the thoroughly idle, and the very laborious. There is no *via media*. When a German works at all,

he works "with a twist." When he is idle, he does nothing more than is absolutely necessary. Each student is compelled to show the Dean a certificate of attendance on at least one lecture, and constant attendance is required to obtain it. But the fast German student probably confines himself to that one, until he is forced to read for his degree.

The idle men almost all belong either to a fighting or a beer club. The fighting clubs hold the better position, and those of Bonn are, or were in my day, six,—viz., the Prussians, wearing a white cap; the Palatinates, a purple; the Saxons, a light blue; another, whose name I forget, dark blue; the Westphalians, green; and the Hanseats, bright red, who, being rank republicans, were looked down upon as very inferior.

The English idea of a German student seems to be a rough and by no means attractive conglomeration of beer, smoke, and rude vulgarity. We entirely ignore those qualities, so often wanting in the English student—a warm heart, an intense love of the beautiful, and the power of contemplation. Perhaps the English idea, with these additions, may be true for a large number, if not a majority, of the students in a German University, but it must be remembered from what classes these are drawn. The small government appointments in Germany, particularly in Prussia,

are extremely numerous ; to obtain almost any of these a University diploma is requisite. Offering as they do a certain income, the chance of an indefinite rise, and a recognised position, they are greedily coveted by all the “small” people of the kingdom ; every professional man (and they hold a very inferior rank in Germany), every puny official, every respectable tradesman, nay, even a large number of mere farmers, who can scrape together thirty, forty, or fifty pounds a-year, send their sons to a University. The consequence is, that *gentlemen* by birth and home influence (and here I mean those, the position of whose parents enables them to acquire some amount of refinement) are decidedly in the minority at these establishments. Indeed, so great is the desire to advance one’s children in the world,—though with little hope of securing more than a competency for them,—that among the theological students there are many whose fathers are mere peasants, who have long hoarded for this purpose ; and I was once called upon to relieve one whose whole family were starving, and who could not continue his studies for want of the necessary fees.

Not being pugnaciously disposed, I did not join a fighting-club at Bonn ; but being associated with the Pfälzers or Palatinates, as a kind of ex-member, and having been introduced to most of the

Prussians, I saw sufficient of the doings of these two clubs, and I have no hesitation in saying that there were none among them who were not *gentlemen*, in the largest sense of the word, and glorious boon-companions to boot. But I shall not blind myself to their faults. I can review them now without any partiality; and it is only when I come to compare their vices—I do not say their habits—with those of Oxford, that I give them the palm without hesitation.

The society, then, of German students is composed of two elements—friendship and fellowship. You will say all society is thus composed. True; but in the German student these elements are peculiarly and strongly marked. The friendship subsisting between young Germans has no parallel in England. It savours too much of the romantic for sober John Bull—sober, that is, only in one sense. It is, in fact, a kind of love-affair, ending in the marriage of the friends. The young “Fox,” or Freshman, comes raw and green to the University, and goes through those eternal troubles which of course invest Freshmen in Germany as much as at home. A chance, a coincidence, or perhaps a series of coincidences, brings another man across his path, in whom he sees the *beau idéal* of all his dreams. This admiration is returned by some feeling of another kind, and in time the two grow towards one another

as lovers in a novel—the one perhaps being modest and gentle as a girl, the other bold and ever foremost. In their excursions to the Seven Hills or Godesberg, the mind of each is drawn out, and the friendship thickens. At last the proposal comes from one or other, in the shape of an offer to lodge in the same apartment. It is accepted, and thenceforward they share everything together, and become inseparable. If one has to fight, the other is sure to be his second. If one gets into a row, the other will not be left out of it. In short, they are literally bosom friends, and are not ashamed to be seen lounging about with their arms round one another's necks.

But the most remarkable part of these close friendships is, that they always survive the University career, and are kept up by the most constant correspondence for years and for life; and indeed it seems to me as difficult for a German to live without a bosom friend of this kind as it would be for a parson to go through life without a spouse.

Romantic as this is, it has also its practical side. German students are never rich, and it is a great economy to share one's sitting-room with another man. Again, it is livelier than living alone, and supplies the want of that easy intercourse which a college affords.

But to see student society properly at Bonn,

we must go to the *kneipen*, or beer-meetings ; the country excursions ; the serenades ; the large *commerser*, or general gatherings ; and lastly, to Uncle Lämmel's.

It is a mistake to suppose that the *kneipe* meets only for the purpose of drinking wine or beer. On the contrary, it has as much the character of a concert as of a supper-party. It meets twice a week, and fines are imposed for non-attendance. The large room is adorned with the arms and banners of the club ; and a long table down the middle of it is covered not only with glasses, but also with books. These are the *commers-bücher*, which contain the rules of the club, with lists of the fines, &c., and the various song-books. The songs are chosen by the president, and sung in chorus—each man taking the part suited to his voice ; and certainly the effect is grand. Compared with this, the old Oxford ditties, “ We won't go home till morning,” “ Lord Lovell,” and the last new nigger songs,—to say nothing of the Hollywell Street favourites which come in after supper,—are simply contemptible.

Between the songs, the men sup off cold veal or the beloved sausage, and drink one another's health ; and in this manner many a *kneipe* passes off. It is only from time to time that a beer-fight is got up, though I do not pretend that a *kneipe* often concludes without one or more of the

party being overcome, any more than an Oxford supper breaks up without some one to put to bed.

The *abschieds-commers* or farewell gathering, takes place a few days before the end of the *semester*. The large *aula* of the University is fitted up for the occasion, and filled with long narrow tables; a good band is hired, books of the songs are printed and distributed, and all the clubs in the University assembled. The student on this occasion is careful to appear in his traditional costume—a black velvet coat, white cords, large cavalry boots, and the coloured riband of his club across his breast. The captains bring their rapiers.

The farewell songs are sung in order, by perhaps five or six hundred voices, each keeping admirably to his part; and after each song, the now empty glasses are rattled violently on the table. At last the principal hymn begins, in low, solemn tones. The students rise, and crossing their arms over the table, join hands in true conspirator fashion. The captains flourish their swords, and mounting the benches behind their men, solemnly lift each one's cap from his head, and pierce it with the rapier, while all the assembly sings—

“Thus I pierce my cap, and swear,
Honour will I ever wear—
Ever, ever a true bursche be.”

Cap after cap is stuck upon each sword while the words are repeated, and when the weapon can hold no more, the captains return them to their lawful owners. The same cap is always worn at these meetings, and the cuts made in it by the rapier remain as a proof of the owner's standing in the University. The meeting breaks up early, and in good order; and those who are there for the last time, take a long farewell of all their friends.

I shall never forget the serenade we sang one night after the *abschieds-commers*, beneath the windows of an English family, whose daughters were considered belles. The house was close to the Rhine, and the moon was shining luxuriantly over its full waters, as we sang quartette after quartette in perfect harmony, until the sounds were borne far away along the river, and the young beauties could not resist the temptation of opening the window to see who was doing them this honour. These serenades are by no means uncommon, but their romance is often spoiled by the supposed lover drawing out his pipe the moment his song is done. It is no uncommon thing, or was not in my day, to see a student in the evening, with his guitar slung over his shoulder, trudging like troubadour, off to his lady-love.

All this is well enough; but the fact cannot be

denied, that the majority of the students are not students at all, if study enter into the definition of that word. Still less can it be contradicted that they are seldom seen without a pipe in their mouth, and that no festive meeting can take place without some drunkenness, more or less. For instance, six friends propose to go a trip to Rolandseck. They hire a carriage, and in the middle of it unblushingly place a nine-gallon cask of beer. When that carriage returns in the evening, the cask will be empty, and the expedition will be singing and shouting at the top of their voices, and in a decidedly riotous condition.

This is very disgusting ; but when we compare German and English Universities, we must remember that drinking is the *only* vice of the Teutonic student. It has been well observed, that drunkenness and immorality cannot co-exist in one person—"the one devil slays the other." The German student prefers Bacchus to Venus, and is very severe on those who offend in the path that he abjures. Thus, a student of known immorality is expelled by his fellow-students from his club ; while low, obscene jests, which would bring down a round of applause at an Oxford supper, are immediately fined at a *kneipe*.

In fact, the German student, though unattractive in appearance, and coarse in his habits, invests all he does with a certain romance ; and

however we may-blame his drunkenness, we must not forget that it is to a certain extent Anacreontic, and that he never drinks without the excuse of music. On the other hand, he is extravagant in everything except money; he dresses himself fantastically, is very vain, however hideous he may be; and is never so happy as when some blue-eyed mädchen smiles at him from an upper window. He is fonder of noise than of any other thing, and is in heaven if he can walk in a row with nine others like himself, and sing at the top of his voice. He loves quarrels for the sake of fighting; and though his duels be mere shams, and without more danger than a deep gash in the face, he thinks himself vastly ennobled by every one he fights. When he is malicious he will fight with bare body and a huge sabre, and be happy if he comes out alive; but this kind of duel is of rare occurrence. He is romantic in his friendship and his loves, and adores his country more than even his friend or his mädchen. If you can get him on a long smoke-walk, and draw him out, you will find that his drunken bravado covers two very good things—a heart that loves, and a head that thinks.

Youth, as long as it is youth, will seek pleasure. It is therefore wise to allow him a safe channel for his high spirits. At Oxford the manly sports of England provide this safety-

valve in the day-time, but there is nothing for the idle man to do at night. This is reversed at Bonn. The German student is sadly in want of the healthy recreations of boating, cricket, and riding. But at night he has a charming little theatre, where the best German operas are performed; he may have coffee-dancings at the houses of the professors, and breathe spiritual nonsense to the professor's daughter; while from time to time there are public balls at the casino, where all people of all ranks resort, and where he may dance, without introduction, with any young lady he may choose, even an English beauty.

Turn we now to Oxford.

In speaking of the society of a large corporate body, subsisting on rich foundations, it is clearly necessary to inquire into the conduct of the Fellows, &c., among themselves, as well as their influence and connection with that younger portion for whom the University is really intended. Oxford has in fact *become* a beneficiary as well as an educational establishment. It is now not only a University, in the common sense of the word, but also a huge almshouse, supporting a number of men too indolent to gain their living honestly, and admitted to this advantage in virtue of the peculiar fancies of founders, who lived three, four, five, or even six hundred years ago,—of Ro-

manist faith and mediæval prejudices,—but who, for all this, seem to have desired not so much to support the needy, as to render gratuitous assistance to the cause of learning.

The Fellows of the present day are not the teachers and tutors they were designed to be. A small number of them are selected for this purpose, and receive their share of the fees paid for tutorage by the Undergraduates, which vary from L.16 to L.24* per head per annum. Thus, in a college of fifty men, there may be five tutors. An average of L.1000 per annum is therefore to be divided among them, in addition to their fellowships, and the College emoluments, which accrue to at least three of them, for the various offices of Vice-principal, Bursar, and Dean.

The society of Oxford is still on the monastic system; and, doubtless, in the days of the founders, when license and immorality walked boldly in the world without, some such system was necessary to the preservation of discipline, and the calm pursuit of knowledge. How little adapted it is for the nineteenth century I propose to show.

The Head of a College is almost invariably a married man, with a family, past middle age, generally a very old man, and called up to fill his responsible position from some remote country parish. He takes no part whatever in

* Only L.10 at Cambridge.

the education, and very little in the discipline, of the students. An ordinary Undergraduate often goes through his University career without having had more than two interviews with his "superior"—one at matriculation, and the other when, after taking his degree, he calls upon him for the College testimonials. In fact, as far as the student is concerned, the Head of the House is a kind of Grand Llama. His real interest and occupation is in the government, the narrow local politics, and the gossip of the University. He makes no attempt whatever to improve the character and society of the younger men, or to create a friendly feeling between them and their tutors. I knew one good old man—now gathered to his fathers—who did attempt this, by asking a few of his favourites to dinner once a term. But this only served to prove to the student—if proof were wanting—how large a gulf was placed between him and them. The stiffness of the academy was not thrown off. The Undergraduates huddled into one corner by themselves, and talked in low tones. The Dons congregated round their Head, and laughed and chatted. If some bolder youth ventured to join them, he was at once set down by a cold, discouraging reply to his remarks, or by a stare of surprise. Yet, even this bare hospitality did some good, and proved how much might be done by a little judicious

mingling of young and old. That good old man was without doubt the most popular Head in the University, and his mere expression of a wish met with a ready compliance among all the members of his House.

The Don is the Protestant monk of the present day, and is the same now as he was two hundred years ago, as you will see from the following extracts from old Sir Thomas Overbury's description of a "meere fellow of an house."

"He is a pedant in shewe, though his title be tutor; and his pupils, in broad phraze, are school-boyes; on these he spends the false gallop of his tongue, and with senseless discourse towes them along—not out of ignorance. He shews them the rinde, conceals the sap; by this meanes he keeps them the longer, himselfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, spit, and blowe his nose, at every period, to recover his memory; and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to a new form of learning. . . . His dreams are of plurality, of benefices, and non-residency; and when he rises, acts a long grace to his looking-glasse. . . . He speaks swords, fights ergos. His pace on foot is a measure; on horseback, a gallop, for his legs are his own, though horse and spurs be borrowed. He hath less use than possession of books. He is not so proud but he will call an author by his name, nor so unskilled in the he-

rauldry of a study, but he knows each man's place. . . . He thinks himself as fine in a clean band and a new pair of shoes, as any courtier dothe when he is in the new fashion. Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the University, and is respected by no man out of it."

This is severe, but not false. The very word "donnish" has passed into common use, as an epithet of a man who is dogmatical, uppish, conceited, prim, and fond of setting down, where he has the power. But with all this he is of course a coward. If a man from the outer world comes and tells him truths to his face, he shivers with sneaking politeness. If a wretched Undergraduate is sent for to his room, the young man, brave as a lion the moment before, stands humbly pale at the door, twitching his cap, fearful to sit down, and awaiting the severe snuffle with which his tutor ushers in even his blandest words.

Of his conceit, Sir Thomas says,—“If he hath reade Tacitus, Guiccardine, and Gallo-Belgicus, he contemns the late Lord Treasurer for all the state policy he had; and laughs to think what a foole he could make of Salomon, if he were now alive. . . . He will not leave his part he hath in the priviledge over young gentlemen in going bare (*scil.*, bare-headed) to him for the Empire of Germany. . . . At meales he sits in as greate state over his Penny Commons as

ever Vitellius did at his greatest banquet. . . . If he be a leader of a faction, he thinks himself greater than ever Cæsar was, or the Turke at this day is. And he had rather lose an inheritance than an office when he stands for it."

Purse-pride and birth-pride are odious enough, but I doubt if the pride of learning in the Oxford Don—a pride which often apes humility—is not even more obnoxious in society. And when it is intruded upon us, we are naturally tempted to ask what great erudition is the groundwork for this odious conceit? I am not among those who affirm, that not a single work, except Liddell and Scott's Dictionary, has been produced in Oxford for the last twenty-five years, tending to the advance of classical scholarship, in which that University ought particularly to shine. But I can assert, from my own experience, during a long residence among German erudites and French savans, that no name of an Oxonian classic, since that of Gaisford, has travelled across the Channel. The only Oxford names that are known on the Continent are those of Professors whom Oxford has invited to join her, or of a few theological writers, for whom more or less contempt is entertained.

The fact is, that the Oxford Don wastes the opportunities for deep study that his cloister life afford him in local politics and Common-room

parties, where more port is drunk, and more sedate, dogmatic nonsense uttered, than in any other chambers in the kingdom. Now and then, when appointed to an examinership in the second public examination, he reads up his Aristotle, and is surprised to find how little he has hitherto understood it. He goes at once to German fountains, draws a pannikin or two of their pure waters, mixes a little Oxford prejudice, to take the chill off, and produces "new" notes, or a "new" translation of the *Ethics*. Then mark the sensation. Every former Examiner is up in arms, and the old thumb-marked tutor of Alexander is discussed again, as if he were not long since threadbare.

At the present day there are two classes of Dons, belonging respectively to the old and new schools. A couple of sketches will suffice.

Sempitern College, although a very ancient and honourable society, is not mentioned by that name in the Oxford calendar. Its resident Dons generally consist of a head, whom I shall call Rector, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle (a favourite one in Oxford), and eight Fellows, who are divided into two distinct sets—the Rector, Bursar, and two juniors, belonging to the low-church and old-school party; the Sub-rector, Dean, and other two, to the high and new school. They are thus equally divided; but the strength

lies with the Philistines. The Rector is a feeble-minded, well-meaning old gentleman, whose whole interest lies, oddly enough, *out* of Oxford. The Bursar cares more for his port than anything else; and so the new school, being ambitious, contrive to rule the roast.

This Bursar, whom I shall call the Rev. Thomas Long, better known to the University as "Tommy Long," and still more irreverently as "Old Tommy," is a fair specimen of what the majority of Dons must have been about twenty years ago. Tommy has a very red nose, and very short trousers, and his general appearance is decidedly unclerical. I believe him to be the original utterer of that ancient reply to some youngster who alluded to his nether garments—"Yes, sir, they are like a young puppy of my acquaintance; they ought to be pulled down, and well strapped."

Tommy has been not only a fast man in his day, but even a fast Don; and there was a time when he hunted in pink three times a-week. But old port has put an end at last to the old sport, and Tommy now only "hunts in dreams." He is very innocent of the classical languages, but not being anxious to give up the emolument of a tutorship, he takes a class of young Freshmen, or older men, so idle or dull that they could never pass "smalls" in "Virgil" or "Horace."

His *modus operandi* is simple, and for a time effective. He has three open books on the table, one over the other. The topmost is a copy of "Virgil," with the difficult quantities marked in red ink. The next is a translation of the first, and the third is a "Lempriere." With these he manages to trot along, with few stumbles, knowing generally about as much as the Freshmen he professes to teach; but when he does miss his place in the translation, or is not quite certain of a quantity, he exclaims, with much adroitness, "Bless me, how my sight is going;" and forthwith rubs his spectacles.

The older dullards know his little ways, and rarely come to his lectures. When they do come, it is in top-boots and a great-coat, and complaining of a terrible headache. Tommy knows the device well; but his old love of the sport overcomes him. "Yes, sir, I'll excuse you this morning; but if you have a headache, let me advise you to take a couple of *horse-balls*—ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Long drinks hard, but is rarely intoxicated. His chief delight is a rubber and a bowl of punch, but when partners are not to be found, he invites a few hard-riding "Undergrads" to join him. After awhile he produces the pack. "This, you know," he says, with a peculiar wink, "is forbidden in the College, and very properly.

You young men would soon ruin yourselves. But with me to take care of you, there is no fear." This is the kind of example the old school give the young men.

I only remember one occasion on which Tommy was "overcome." It was a Sunday evening, and there had been a large Common-room. It was his turn to read prayers in chapel, which was held at seven o'clock in the evening, for the express purpose of preventing students sitting over their wine. Tommy went off at a gallop, but his voice soon grew thick; and there was nudging and tittering among the boys. At last he began to stumble, and after one or two mistakes, made one so disgraceful—that, namely, of saying "adversary and mediator," instead of "advocate and mediator"—that the rest of the prayers were read by the Dean. And this, too, was in the prayer for the clergy, of whom he was one.

Drinking is the chief vice of the Dons. In a College not a hundred miles from the Radcliffe, is a tutor—a clergyman, of course—and overseer of the youth of his house, who had two attacks of delirium tremens in my time. In another College, hard by the last, the Head himself is constantly put to bed by his servant; and at a ball which was given one Commemoration in the hall of his College, behaved in a most ec-

centric manner before ladies, Undergraduates, and all.

Immorality of the other kind is rare among the Dons ; although stories, which I would rather not repeat, but which, I fear, are more or less true, are circulated concerning them. The facts that I have mentioned have come under my own immediate cognisance.

I have now to sketch the Rev. A. Baddun, as I shall call him, who is a fair specimen of the new school. He is meek and oily in his bearing, and glances only from the corners of his eyes. He appears to be philosophically abstemious in his diet. His breakfast and lunch are the simplest a man can eat ; and on Wednesdays and Fridays, throughout the year, he fasts—till dinner-time. But after Common-room you perceive an unnatural glow about his cheeks and nose ; and the meek manner is rejected for one of impudence. He is a rigid disciplinarian, and follows out his principles on the detective system. In the morning he examines the Scouts (*i.e.*, servants) as to what gentlemen gave wines or suppers the night before, and who was present, and he commits the information to a private black-book. He has been known to listen outside the door of a room in which a supper was going on, taking notes of the conversation ; which he must have found very edifying. He says nothing at the time ;

but the moment a young man is in disgrace, his old delinquencies are brought up against him in an overwhelming style; or, if he passes unhurt through his Oxford career, testimonials for orders are at the last moment refused him. There are only two exceptions to this rule of Mr Baddun's—namely, for "tufts" and wealthy men. If a man be not well-born or rich, it is of no avail for him to throw off his fast habits, and take to respectability; the Rev. A. Baddun is inexorable, and in his position as sub-Rector he invariably succeeds in ruining the boy's prospects.

Among such men as these—and I affirm that they are fair, nay, even flattered, portraits of Donnism—it is not probable that there would be any intercourse or friendly feeling with the Undergraduates, while their example is little calculated to raise the character of the young men. There is only one College where anything approaching to intimacy exists between the Dons and their juniors, and that is Magdalen; and I have no hesitation in saying, that at no College in Oxford are the young men more sober or respectable, nor the respect shown to the elders greater.

The vices, then, of the Dons are eating and drinking—both to excess—and card-playing. Their worst faults are arrogance, conceit, deceitfulness, and ignorance. The cause of all this is

the monastic character of collegiate society. Its cure would be female influence; in other words, the marriage of Fellows. I shall discuss this question in another paper.

But the vices of Dons and others must yield to the improvements in the outer world sooner or later. That which will not yield so easily, is the state of mind which pervades this city of cloisters, and which, left to turn on its own pivot, grows feeble as that of a slug's. Narrow prejudice, self-righteousness, condemnation of all who are not with them, are the characteristics of these men; and that such is the case, is seen at once in the metamorphosis that takes place in a young man from the moment that he becomes a Fellow.

I must now pass in review some other elements of Oxford society. Of the "Coach" or private tutor, I shall speak under the head of education. The Scout or servant, a most important ingredient in this mixture, must come in with the bill of expenses. There remains the Undergraduate in all his phases. And here, before going further, we must notice an abuse which is a disgrace to Oxford.

Christchurch—which Wolsey would have made another monument of the pillage of the monasteries, but,

"Which when he would have rayzed up
Himselfe was pulled down"—

is the only College which preserves the odious distinction of servitors, or, as they call them, "scrivs." Dining with a Gentleman-commoner in the great hall, I was struck by seeing some four or five Undergraduates come in just as we had finished, and stand humbly by a lower table. We happened to be among the last, and it was not till we had risen from our places that they sat down to the cold, greasy remains of the others' repast. "Oh," said our rich vulgar friend, "those are only our *scrivs*, a kind of charity boys that we keep here, sons of needy parsons and that kind of thing; they are not allowed to sit down till we have done, and used to be obliged to wait on the others." Of these pariahs of knowledge Oxford was once full. Christchurch—which boasts its representatives of every caste, from the son of the duke with his gold tassel, and the wealthy Gentleman-commoner in his silk gown, to the son of the very Scout who waits on them—still offers alms and insolence to gentlemen too poor, perhaps too Christian, to refuse them.

This bedaubing of charity by unworthy exactings is of old date in this liberal University. The postmaster of Merton, and the taberdar of Queen's, would not deign to look upon the poor "scriv" of "the House" as their equal. Yet the former, whose title is said to be an abbreviation

of *portionista*, was originally the servant of the senior Fellows, while the statutes of Queen's constitute the taberdars as "*servientes ad mensam*," and *sociorum ministri*. Why are these statutes not kept up like the others? The Bible-clerks, whose office is to read the Holy Scriptures in chapel, are another class of pariahs to this day. The good sense of most young men prohibits any marked difference being shown to them, but there is not a little in feeling. I have known five or six Bible-clerks, if not more, and can safely say that, whatever the office may once have been, it is now filled by gentlemen only, and the sons of gentlemen, though poor. In 1651 the position was so despised, that University College could get no one better to accept it than their porter.

The boys of Oxford—they go up mostly between seventeen and nineteen—the material which we mould into almost all those clergymen who are to keep the souls of this great nation alive—an awful responsibility; into some, but no longer the majority, of those skilful barristers who are one day to be our lawmakers; into a large portion of the servants of the Government and the curators of the public weal; but which is the most important, into those county gentlemen who hold in their hands—though they do not always employ it—such great power over the people and Government of the country—these

boys, I say, must not be too hardly treated. Youth is the same everywhere; and while the wildest boys make often the best men, a sedate propriety in youth is to thinking men a cause rather for alarm than congratulation. But here we must carefully distinguish between the faults which arise from high spirits, and those which come from an utter want of principle, or the badness of the system.

If, then, I expose the weaknesses, the follies, and the vices of the Oxford boys, it is chiefly that I may hereafter be better able to prove the errors of the Oxford collegiate system. I class them—the boys, I mean (I beg pardon, I should say the young men, or, as the Scouts have it, the “young gentlemen”)—under five heads. There are,—1. The reading-man; 2. The idle slow man; 3. The “good kind of fellow;” 4. The idle fast man or do-nothing; 5. The regular fast man. In short, slow and fast are the general divisions, and between them stand those more sensible and moderate men, who combine a due amount of work with recreations within their means, and who are content to take a middle path rather than shine before their fellows. All agree in calling Jones a “good kind of fellow.” “What kind of a man is Jones of your place? Is he a reading-man?” you ask of some double-first. “No, not a reading-man, but a good kind of

fellow." "Does Jones of your shop do much?" you put it to a young Nimrod. "No, he is a quietish man, but a good kind of fellow," is the answer. And so Jones, though he takes no honours in the "schools," nor achieves anything remarkable on the cricket-ground, at Bullingdon, or in Van John, has yet this to say, when he takes his degree, that he has never gone drunk into chapel, nor sported his oak in the face of an acquaintance. Not but what Jones may shine in mediocre accomplishments. He may be stroke of the boat or captain of the eleven; he may play the piano to perfection, or stand the best port in College; or again, though he cannot lay down an opinion as to the merits of Brunck's reading of a passage in the "Frogs," nor the points of Figg's last purchase in horse flesh, he may be an agreeable companion, a thorough gentleman (this is a distinction in Oxford), and have polished tastes and liberal opinions. In short, if mediocrity sufficed, Jones would be the best type of an Oxonian; but Prigg of Balliol despises mediocrity.

Prigg is a reading-man. For twelve hours in each day his oak is sported against all comers; and no one has sat up late enough—not even Trump, who plays Van sometimes till daylight, and is so fond of the cards, that he takes to Patience when the other men are gone—to see

his light put out. But for what is this labour endured? To improve his mind, and the talents God gave him, that he may have to give to others? If this were it, who could chafe at his pasty, blotched face, and his premature spectacles? No, Prigg has no such broad ambition. His dream by night, his hope by day, is only to be a "Double-first" of the University of Oxford. How superb an ambition! How worthy of this labour! What a pity Origen and Augustine could not have been Oxford men, and taken double-firsts. Now, narrow as this is, and narrow as his mind must become, when all food is denied it but these dry effete classics, and those interminable calculations, it is surely a praiseworthy course. *Ἀὐτὸν ἀριστεύειν* is a proud motto to write on one's book, even though that book be nothing broader than the Nicomachean Ethics; and if Prigg contented himself with this, no one would quarrel with him for burning the midnight oil, though they might pity him for the paltriness of his aim. But Prigg is a sucking Don, and his manners are simply unbearable. He is intensely conceited, and entertains a supreme contempt for every one but himself and the Professor of Latin. When he condescends to talk of anything but himself, it is only to question A's chance of a First, or B's hopes of the Ireland. If you humbly give an opinion, he

sets you down dogmatically, or sneeringly asks if you know what Philo Judæus and Apollonius Tyanensis said about it. If you go to his room, he never asks you to sit down, and eats his lunch without giving you a thought. At lecture he laughs at your construing, and if he honours your room with his presence, will start up and leave it the moment the conversation departs from scholarship and the schools. For all this, he knows nothing beyond the subjects necessary for examination, and as he cannot discourse on topics of the day, he contents himself with sneering them down.

You will say that Prigg is an exaggeration, and that it is quite possible to read hard without falling into this state of mind. Yes, possible, but not easy. Book-learning is held in such high esteem at Oxford, that the temptation to conceit in those who have it is very great; while the narrowness of their study, and the exclusiveness necessary to its pursuit, warp both mind and heart to something like Prigg's.

Mr Matinal Plain of Lincoln is short, ugly, not over-clean, and in no way attractive. He is slow and idle. It is difficult to say what he does with his time. He has been "ploughed" twice for "smalls," so that it is evident he does not read. He is never seen out of his rooms, except in those of another man, his ditto, with whom he takes a

mild walk to Iffley and back every afternoon; and in whose rooms he has been known, by way of a rare bit of fun, to make hay with another ditto. But though Mr Matinal Plain is not seen, he is heard a little too much. He has a harmonium in his room, of immense power; and when he plays it—which he does at any hours of the day or night—the old rickety buildings are shaken from pavement to gable. Twice a-week Mr Plain's weaknesses become apparent. This is on the evenings which he devotes to the delectation of "Plain-Song," and a very plain song it is too, plainly heard all over the quad, and receiving the Greek anathemata of Mr Prigg, who can't read with that *κλαγγή* in his ears, and the more national execration of Mr Tally-ho Topbar, who has a select supper-party. I once wanted to borrow a corkscrew from Mr Plain, who lived opposite to me, and hearing a great uproar in his room, presumed that supper was going on, and that useful article would be handy. I entered amid a loud discussion, in which the names of the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter were prominent, and found a party of six young gentlemen—all in short white surplices of the Romanist cut. The host himself, wearing a magnificent narrow stole, embroidered in gold and red, was leisurely swinging a neat silver censer, while engaged in defending "Saponaceous Samivel," and

a thick cloud of incense filled the room. The door of the bedroom happened to be open, and a clue to the mystery was thus afforded. Within this room, which was brilliantly lighted up, was a reading-desk, on which lay open a large black-letter volume—the “*Pontificale Romanum*,” with many a delicate marker, symbolically embroidered, depending therefrom. A crucifix and two bedroom candles completed this ingenious, though, perhaps, somewhat irreverent altar; and it was before this that the “*Plain-Song*” was practised, with Mr Matinal kindly officiating as high priest. The rage for this amusement is almost gone out in Oxford. “*Wines*” are no longer followed, as matter of course, by extempore services; but the gentlemen of Mr Plain’s class are by no means diminished, and their religious (?) flames are kept alive by constant intercourse with Cuddesdon Theological College. Many a young zealot, who grumbles bitterly at having to go to chapel, still gathers his own elegant congregation in the evening around the festive board, or before the impromptu altar.

I had once the privilege of accompanying Mr Plain to his clerical milliner’s in the Turl, and was admitted under his wing to an upper chamber, fitted round with elegant mediæval wardrobes, in which were displayed those choice articles of ecclesiastical costume in which young gentlemen

who read the "Union" delight. The tailor was suave and delicate, and open to all criticism. "This," he said, "is a stole ordered by Mr Genuflex of Jesus. You think it too broad—a little too highly decorated? You object to the turn of that embroidered cross? Well, sir, you may be right; but, I assure you, that we have the authority of St Sulpicius and the holy Adeodatus for this form—an English father too, you know, sir; and, in fact, if Mr Genuflex had not shown me a translation of the passages, I would not have consented to make it."*

Lawless of Brazenose, who lately migrated to Skimmery (St Mary Hall) at the recommendation of his Dons, is a fast do-nothing. He has tried to do many things, but failed. As a Freshman he trained for the torpids; but, having been discovered under "Cain and Abel" in a state of mulled-port the night before the race, his services were declined. The next term he hired a hunter, and rode with Thompson's, but coming on one occasion in collision with Mr Tally-ho Topbar, better known as "Slanging Tally," he received from that gentleman such a shower of epithets, more emphatic than delicate, that he never reappeared in the field. He has wisely collapsed, and contents himself with the milder pastime of

* This, with the names altered, is a fact which occurred in 1853.

billiards, and pool, and elaborate toilets. He has a round face and brilliant capillaries, which have obtained for him the sobriquet of "moon and whiskers." He never quits his "downy" until mid-day, and reaches it, generally with the aid of a kind friend, about three o'clock in the morning. This interval is filled up chiefly with dressing. His father is not rich; but young Lawless will leave Oxford owing, at least, L.400 to Hayward alone for coats, &c.

His last attempt was a suit of complete black, enlivened with a lavender scarf and gloves to match, but without crape on the hat. He breakfasts at lunch with a friend who admires him, and drinks a large amount of beer at that meal—when there is no claret. He then plays billiards for two hours, and proceeds to walk with his double about the town. He fills up the intervals by lounging in the jewellers' shops, buying little, but flirting across the counter with the goldsmith's daughter. He is well known to all the young women of every class as "Handsome Lawless;" and so many individuals touch their hats to him, that it is said—though I do not believe it—that he pays them five shillings a term for this civility. He is followed by a Skye puppy, considerably more natural than his puppy-master.

Sir Thomas Overbury has hit him off so well, that Lawless would seem to be a character of at

least two hundred years' precedent. He says, "There is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to be made a puppy. . . . He hath more places to send his money than the devill hath to send his spirits. . . . He accounts bashfulness the wickedest thing in the world, and therefore studies impudence. . . . He is travelled, but to little purpose, only went over for a squirte and came back againe, yet never the more mended his conditions, 'cause he carried himself along with him. . . . ' When his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes down into the country, where he is brought to milk and white cheese like the Switzers." After dinner—he rarely dines in hall, thinking it a bore—he has always a "wine" to go to. After wine, pool, or perhaps something much worse, which I decline even to hint at, and must leave to the attention of the proctors, who will quite understand to what I allude. Then a supper. If he is not invited to one, he catches a kindred spirit or two, and gives them a lobster in his own rooms. By this time he is in an extremely jovial condition, and the conversation takes a decidedly indelicate turn. Cards, more drinking, a quarrel now and then to enliven it, bring him to the small hours, and he is put to bed by his friends.

When I first went to Sempitern, there were three men of this class who gave their tone to

the whole College. There were Q., R., and S. R. had had two attacks of delirium tremens. S. was a great Nimrod, who swore lustily, and played high. But Q., sweet Q., was a poet and piano-player; and the delight of the place. He would tell you, with an innocent smile, "I am never quite sober, my dear fellow; in the morning the soda-water affects me; and after lunch, you know it is all up with me. R. and S. will drink so, and I must keep them company." This worthy triad kept a "hell" in Q.'s rooms. There was a kind of open house. A huge Stilton and huger bottle of pickles, was always on the table until dinner-time; and when any one came in, he was called upon to attack cold meats, which completed the arrangement. In the evening a large party always assembled for supper, and when the Scouts had left College, the remains were cleared off the table at one blow, regardless of breakage, and *rouge et noir* commenced. The points were generally low, ranging from half-a-crown upwards: but I have seen men, whose allowances were from L.200 to L.250 per annum, lose L.30 or L.40 a-night. To recover this, they were of course forced to go on, or take to the Jews. We Freshmen were not pressed to play; but it required moral courage to resist Q.'s winning ways. "Now, Robinson, old fellow" (how proud to be thus familiarly accosted by a

senior man like Q.!), "if you'll put a 'skiv' on the red, I'll go one on the black; now, do." At another College was another "hell," not nearly so respectable. A young gold-tassel was kept (whether in the plot or not, I cannot tell), to inveigle little fools of boys. It was thought so grand to make the Earl of ——'s acquaintance, though it cost L.10 or L.20 a-night, and though that young nobleman would always cut them in the "High" afterwards,—and so the little toadies came in swarms. At last one of the firm was discovered in the long-successful system of cheating. The others immediately disclaimed him, and were foremost in kicking him down stairs, and severely beating him. So runs the story; but it is only fair to state, that the beaten man stoutly maintained his innocence to the last.

Of Q., R., and S., the last is now a rigid parson in D——shire; R. died in time of delirium tremens; and when I last heard of Q., he was breaking the bank at Baden-Baden.

To return to Mr Lawless. His career is certainly a brilliant one. Being always *en evidence*, and making rather a parade of his vices, he is well known, not only to the police and natives, but also to men of all Colleges. "What a beast that Lawless is," said Topbar; "I hate that fellow. He's always more or less drunk. Now I ——"; and Tally-ho, though not a model of

virtue, is right. The regular fast man, whose pleasures become an occupation (some of them being healthy, sterling amusements, admirable anywhere but at a University—such as hunting, for instance), is not half so bad as the do-nothing. He drinks as much, but he is seldom drunk, for he is an early riser, and always active. He swears more, but his language is not so obscene; while that of Mr Lawless and his co-fraternity is as bad as the bargee's or navy's, and worse, if you reflect that those grosser specimens rarely know the meaning of the words they make use of, while Lawless does know it.

Lawless continues his career in the same listless impudent vice. He has row after row with the authorities of his College, and at last is discovered by the Proctor in the commission of a sin, which has become a daily occurrence with him. He is expelled from College to take refuge in Skimmery, where he is received with open arms, for he will keep the place alive with his large expenditure and audacious devilries. Yet, strange to say, this little haven, with all its conveniences for misbehaviour, its lax discipline and sumptuous faring, its thousand beer-casks and full wine-bins, tames the wild man; for when the restraint is removed, the charm of breaking it is gone; and Lawless dies a natural death, by putting on "the sleeves" in the Convocation-house.

Surely I need not sketch you the fast Oxonian, Mr Tally-ho Topbar of Christchurch. You all know what he is, his horses, dogs, key-bugle practice, and excellent seat. You know how great he is on the turf, and what a mighty man in Peckwater. You know what he spends, though you can't tell where he gets the money from. You know his loud voice, which is heard from Carfax to St Mary's, his original oaths, his hoarse laugh, his good-natured, bullying manner, his jockey cut, and his contempt of "scrivs" and "squills" (out-college men). His portrait has been drawn a score of times.

Englishmen love the fast man. They love to see money rolled carelessly about. They love a loud bullying mirth; and Oxford is proud of its own fast boys. Basta! I am rather sick of the subject.

It is the fashion just now to write up what is called "muscular Christianity," but which I strongly think would be better termed "animal heathenism." Let its lovers go to Oxford for a couple of terms, and if they do not come back cured, it is not the fault of such unlicked bear-cubs as Mr Tally-ho Topbar and his companions.

I have no space to descant on college-sets, and their relations to one another, which are seldom amicable. The old story of one Oxonian refusing to save another from drowning, because he

had not been introduced to him, is no exaggeration. The manners of Undergraduates are either absurdly stiff or bearishly familiar. Caste is strongly marked in Oxford, and a man in one set always entertains a supreme contempt for his fellow-student in another.

The foregoing sketches show only the salient features of each class of men. If you take ten Undergraduates of all classes in the University, you will find three of them to be dull, underbred, quiet men, who only read enough to be plucked for each examination, and whose time is passed in pursuits analogous to those of Mr Matinal Plain. You will next find at least two do-nothings, who lead an idle, self-indulgent, and vicious life. Two more will be thoroughly fast men of stable character. There will be one hard-reading man, one "good kind of fellow," and one anomaly, who combines the characteristics of any two of the other classes, and who is generally the cleverest and most amusing of the lot.

The charms of young Oxonians are chiefly their manliness, their absence of all mercenary and mean characteristics, their generosity (out of papa's pocket, though), and their joviality. On the other hand, they are terribly narrow-minded and strongly prejudiced. They are very ignorant in everything but purely Oxford acquirements, and, as a natural consequence, intolerably con-

ceited and uppish. Their aims and ambitions are paltry, their politics antique, their conversation, when not obscene, local, trivial, and boyish. They are self-indulgent and inconsiderate. Many a man is giving his expensive supper-party, while his mother and sisters are stinting themselves of everything to keep "dear Charles" at College. They have no poetry, no higher flights, no chivalry, no romance, nor any of that picturesque character which lends a charm to the dirtiest German student. They have little appreciation of genius and beauty, and less religious feeling. What they have is clogged with party-spirit and prejudice. Lastly, they eat meat four times a day, and use no dinner-napkins.

UNIVERSITY DISCIPLINE.

PART II.

UNIVERSITY DISCIPLINE.

*"Cereus in vitium flecti ; monitoribus asper ;
 Utilium tardus provisor ; prodigus æris ;
 Sublimis cupidusque."*



UT it was an Indian writer who said that youth was like a bag of moist vermilion. Wherever you press it too tightly, the colour will ooze out in the opposite direction ; but leave it alone, and it will find its own natural roundness.

Indeed, discipline is a puzzle, whatever be the age of the subject. Solomon and the old school thought a stout birch all that was requisite, if frequently and judiciously applied. Paterfamilias of to-day shrinks from the mere thought of bodily punishment, and lectures his infants on first principles. But this moral caning requires judgment and reflection, and it is troublesome to be continually playing the madhouse-keeper to

your bairns, so that the stick has still its partisans ; and as far as I, being a bachelor, can judge, it is perhaps the more effective system.

But, if it be so doubtful how to manage babes and bantlings, how far more so to deal with the human shoot at that age when it is neither man nor boy, but hobboddyhoy—the very age at which it is sent to a University.

Now youth being prone to excess, and the excess of liberty being license,—truisms, but necessary here,—it cannot be maintained that the entire absence of all discipline is desirable. But it depends on your definition of a University whether you think it a bad thing or not. At those situated in large mother-towns, where the students have their own lodgings, such discipline as a University could exercise is impracticable ; yet I cannot say that I think the students of London and Munich are morally worse than those of Oxford or Bonn, but, if anything, perhaps better ; while, on the other hand, I cannot deny that those of Paris are a very heaven-forsaken lot.

It remains, therefore, to compare the systems of little discipline and much discipline, and Bonn and Oxford present fair specimens of these. Now, in the results there is very little difference, unless the balance be in favour of the German student. There is the same drinking, the same

idleness. There is less immorality at Bonn, less obscenity; and if, on the other hand, there be less piety, there is not so much profanity.

The fact is, that the discipline at Oxford is neither one thing nor the other. Oxford is not purely a University. It partakes also of the characters of a beneficiary establishment—*Anglicè*, almshouse—and of a religious seminary. While its discipline is far too lax for those who are educated for the service of the Church, it is much too clerical for those who seek only a general preparation for the other professions. I shall give instances of this, in speaking of the compulsory attendance at chapel, and compulsory reception of the Holy Eucharist.

It is, in fact, impossible to lay down general rules for the discipline of youth. But it may be said of that age universally, that it will always act as you treat it. If you handle a young man as you would a boy, he will only add to the mischief and folly of boyhood the experience and deliberation of his growth. You must first give him your example. Who so imitative of the man as the youth? You must draw out his confidence. Who so leaning—so confiding? The cheek is still smooth, the womanly weakness still there. Grasp it, deal with it. Lastly, you must be open with youth; for who despises deceit so much in others, though so deceitful him-

self? Once let him discover an underhand proceeding about you, and your power is gone.

The discipline of a German University is conducted by a University Magistrate, in conjunction with the Rector, the Senate, and the Deans of the Faculties. The modes of correction are, personal remonstrance, solitary confinement in the University lock-up—of three days for minor, and not more than a month for graver offences—and, lastly, expulsion. Where the last is inflicted, the student has the power of appealing, through a government commission, to the Minister of Instruction.

At matriculation the student receives a ticket, tenable for four years, which is his certificate of studentship. By virtue of this he has a right to be tried in all matters by his University, and the civil magistrates must yield to those of the academy. At the same time, there are certain crimes—as stealing, manslaughter in duels, and so forth—for which he must be tried like any other private person, his connection with the University being for the time suspended. As a general rule, the police act in concert with the University, and a government commissioner decides all differences between them.

The principal offences which the government has to fear from the University are, of course, political, and it results from this apprehension

that many other offences—particularly duelling—are connived at or overlooked. There are stringent laws against large gatherings in public ; and no large convivial meeting or procession can take place without the Rector's permission, which is, however, readily granted. The inns and public places of resort are closed at ten o'clock at night, and the students are not allowed to go about the town in large numbers after midnight. It is the Rector's business to visit these resorts, and to look generally after the young men in their more public doings. The Dean of each faculty, on the other hand, has to provide that each student attends the lectures regularly, and that his dress and general behaviour are of becoming sobriety. There is no punishment that I know of for single acts of drunkenness ; and though a student may be expelled for continued or notorious excess, it may be difficult for either Dean or Rector to reach such cases. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the convivial meetings of these boys take place in public resorts,—inns and beer-gardens,—and not in their own rooms, and their characters are therefore in every man's hand.

Among the enactments for preserving order, are those against appearing in the streets in mask, carrying arms, and insulting the Philistines—offences to which German youths are by

nature particularly prone. Morality is preserved to a certain extent by imprisoning the student who is found in a house of ill fame; by a three days' confinement for high play and gambling (fourteen days for keeping the bank); and by various regulations to prevent debt and extravagance. The statutes of 1818 (still in force) enact that no barber or wigmaker may give more than a month's credit; no tailor, shoemaker, bookseller, more than three months', or for a larger sum than 25 thalers (about L.4). To insure this, the creditor has no legal means of recovery whatever, unless he applies within the six months, and the credit-system is thus effectually put a stop to. But perhaps the most important enactments are those relating to the sham-duelling, with which these German boys are wont to amuse themselves.

Prejudiced Englishmen are constantly talking of the "unmanliness" of these encounters, and and cry up fistycuff, as a kind of divine institution, because, forsooth, in it we use "the weapons that God has given us." I shall be bespattered by the whole "muscular" school, if I suggest that this savours a little of blasphemy, and that the superiority in mechanism, and inferiority in strength, which the human hand displays, as compared with the paws of the lower animals, is a proof that its Maker meant it as a tool rather than a weapon—the servant of the mind, but not

of the passions. But let that pass. By what reasoning, I ask, can you show that a cut on the cheek or lip is less manly to give and receive than a black eye or a broken nose? If you say that two young men may batter one another's faces into jellies without killing or being killed, and then make it up, and be better friends than ever, I answer that the German student carefully protects with padding all the vital or dangerous parts, that fatal results are almost as rare among them as among ourselves, and that the duel, even when serious, is always followed by a cordial embrace. The same art, the same pluck, the same coolness and restraint of temper, the same fair play, are required to succeed with the fine Solingen blade as with the British knuckles; and the spectacle of the vanquished, with his cheek begashed, is not a whit more sickening to my mind than that of an eye lost in a red and purple swelling, or a nose flattened on the face, and covering the mouth and chin with its "claret." If you ask what is the use of these duels, I reply, that it is the same as that of fisticuff—to accustom the young to brave pain and meet danger, and generally to work off the superfluous irritation natural to all high spirits.

The duels in my day were usually held at a little inn at Poppelsdorf, about a mile from Bonn. One or two wretched beggars were paid to keep

watch in the vicinity, and the room was provided with a wainscot-door, that opened with a spring upon a little staircase leading to a loft above. I remember once, after a series of fights between the Pfälzers and Westphalians, a spy rushed in, and gave the alarm, "Der Herr Rector kommt." In a moment the combatants were bundled through the panel up to the loft, and the weapons and padding after them; a number of the spectators leaped from the low window, and made away across the garden, while the more sensible sat down at the tables, drew their beer-glasses towards them, and set up a chant. The alarm was a false one; but, had the Rector come in, he would have seen nothing but a party of merry students carousing, and have gone away satisfied, purposely refraining from noticing the spots of blood upon the floor.

It is not rare, however, for this official to take a fighting party by surprise. The combatants and the seconds are arrested, the arms and paddings confiscated, and the meeting dispersed. The punishment for these offences, and for street-rioting, is imprisonment for a week or a fortnight in the University lock-up, or the imposition of a fine.* Sabre-duels are punished by expulsion.

* Only when imprisonment would materially interfere with the offender's studies.

This is about the extent that discipline goes to in a German University, and I do not think its laxity is much abused, except in singing and howling in the streets; but you might as well attempt to put this down, as to stop the Oxonian's port and walnuts after dinner. Yet any excess is corrected even in this. Thus, in my day, it was still the custom to fire pistols at your friends' windows at midnight, on the death of the old year; but the arms were sometimes loaded, accidents happened, and the old custom was put down.

Some one has written that tenacity is the secret of England's success. He forgot to add, "when tempered by common sense." It is just this most *uncommon* qualification that transforms into laudable caution what would otherwise be nothing but mere stubbornness. There is no institution so blindly tenacious of old customs as the University of Oxford. It cannot distinguish between time-honoured and time-proved. So Werther persisted in wearing, to the day of his death, the self-same coat and continuations which he had on when he first saw Charlotte. So Quakers love the broad brim of unaffected Penn. So Oxford clings to rotten forms, against which the sense of the age cries out.

In nothing is the blindness of this tenacity more apparent than in the continuance of the

"double government," which is maintained in the independent action of the University and the Colleges. This question touches the constitution of the University itself, and I shall not therefore discuss it now in any of its bearings, except that on the discipline of the students.

The discipline of the University is carried out by the Vice-Chancellor, as chief resident magistrate; two Proctors, elected annually; four pro-Proctors; and a wary and omniscient Marshal. That of the Colleges is entirely in the hands of a Common-room Council in each, composed of its Head and Fellows. The means of effecting it, common to both Colleges and University, consist in fines, varying from 5s. to £2; in "impositions"—which are always written by a Scout or Barber for a consideration; in "gating;" "rustication;" and expulsion.

Now, the State has always been very generous to the Universities, in granting it any privileges it might demand. These have often had in view the morality of the students; and the power of the University over the town of Oxford is still absolute in free England. Thus, any woman suspected of being instrumental in fostering the evil desires of the students, may be at once arrested and imprisoned for at least one calendar month. Charles I. enjoined that every taverner or innkeeper should send his own daughter from

under his roof, if that damsel had the misfortune to possess a pretty face.

A ludicrous mistake once occurred, in this exercise of the Proctor's functions. A late senior Proctor had been a non-resident Fellow for some years, and was called upon to fill the office at a time when he had forgotten the names of many of the residents. The wife of the Head of a College was walking home from a tea-party one evening, escorted by an Undergraduate. She was young, showy, and rather gaily dressed. The Proctor, whose sole object was to do all his duty, and utterly incapable—as, indeed, are most Oxford Dons—of distinguishing a lady from a female of another position, immediately accosted the couple. He was accompanied only by his own man, who knew no more about her than his master. In vain the Undergraduate interposed that the lady was Mrs —, wife of the head of —. “You can't deceive me, sir,” replied the new broom. “Though I have been so short a time in Oxford, I am not to be imposed upon. I shall take your name and Collegé, and you will call on me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. John, bring the woman to the rooms.”

Of course the unhappy youth, whose escort had proved of no avail against the insults of the senior Proctor, whatever it might have been against those of bargees and navvies, rushed

away to seek the lady's husband, and brought him to the procuratorial judgment-room, in time to find his indignant spouse locked away in a cell for the night. The denouement can be easily imagined; and we may suppose that, if the student did call the next morning on the senior Proctor, it was not to receive the sentence of rustication, which would otherwise have been passed on him.

Accidents of a similar nature are often occurring, through the stupidity of the Proctors. I have known the most respectable daughters of most respectable tradesmen treated like the lowest of their sex, and no apology made them when the mistake has been discovered. A curious case of over-credulousness in a Proctor occurred not long ago. A dissipated Undergraduate brought from London an actress of low character, and introduced her as his sister to several Dons, one of the Proctors being among the number. He was so pleased with her charming manner, that he asked the young man, and his pretended sister to lunch. It was only when a glass of wine was spilled over her dress, that, forgetting her part, she gave vent to too forcible an expletive, which ended the repast, and caused the young man's just expulsion. The fact is, that Oxford Dons live so long in monkish seclusion, that they forget what gentlewomen are like, if they have ever known it.

The power, therefore, of the University extends over the liberty of the female population of the town, and even over their character, which the stupidity or obstinacy of a Proctor may blast at will.

No less does it affect the freedom of all residents. Any person who is proved to have influenced the morality of the Undergraduates in any way may be forced to quit Oxford.

Again, it extends over the custom of the tradesmen. The University possesses the right of "discommoning" any shopkeeper for whatever reason; that is, of interdicting any buying and selling between him and the members of the University—thus bringing a serious loss on the former. This right is perhaps the most valuable privilege the University possesses for the discipline of its students, since it is thus enabled to put an end to long credits, and late and noisy meetings at inns—powers exercised at Cambridge more freely than at the sister University. In former centuries it was even more useful, as it served as a weapon against the corporation. The Mayor was constantly seizing students, and locking them up in *Bocardo*, as the old town jail was called, and the Vice-Chancellor was constantly demanding their release. In 1513 the Mayor himself was "discommoned," and the struggle ceased for awhile, but it seems to have been re-

newed, as we find traces of these fights up to the beginning of the last century.*

I might cite many other privileges enjoyed by the University, for the purpose of protecting or correcting its junior members, but I have said enough to show that its powers over the *town* are not restricted.

If we turn now to the Colleges, we find that, by a strange anomaly, the University—of which they form not only a part, but the *real* and living marrow—has no disciplinary power whatever over them. Not only may they shut their gates in the Proctor's face, but that individual is positively breaking the statutes if he attempts to exercise his functions within the walls of any College, even his own.

A curious instance of this, which at the same time shows what kind of justice is administered in Common-room councils, lately occurred at Trinity. I shall give the story as it was told to me, and currently reported throughout the University. I do not hold myself responsible for the correctness of its details.

One of the Proctors was a Fellow and officer

* In 1505, J. Hayns, ale-seller, was discommoned "for selling old wine for new." It is a pity the Vice-Chancellor does not put a stop by the same means to a practice exactly the reverse of this, too prevalent among present Oxford wine-merchants.

of this society. A supper party was given by some young man, and I daresay that it was noisy, and kept up late. At any rate the Proctor chose to go to the Undergraduate's rooms in his official dress and velvet sleeves, thereby protesting his official character, and peremptorily ordered the assembled toppers to retire at once to their own rooms. The host replied—and I believe with all due respect—that, had the Proctor come there in his capacity of officer of the College, they would immediately have obeyed him, but they could not allow him, as Proctor, to assert an authority which he did not possess there. A Common-room council—nay, several, I believe—were held over the courageous but imprudent youth and one or two of his friends; and though it was distinctly proved and admitted that the Proctor had himself committed a breach of privilege, the young men were sent away, and their prospects thus ruined.

Trinity, indeed, is not celebrated for the justice of its decisions. Two hundred years back, this College was guilty of a gross harshness, which old Anthony à Wood has recorded. The founder, Sir Thomas Pope, had, like some other excellent men, a monomania for appropriating anything on which he could lay his hand. A student named Cuffie then belonged to this society. "Now Cuffie," says Wood, "upon a time with his fellows being

merry, said, 'a pox, this is a poore beggerly college, indeed; the plate which our founder stole would build such another.' " * The speech, if coarse, was venial and true, but the worthy Dons could not brook the imputation on their founder's memory, and poor Cuffie was actually expelled for uttering these foolish words.

The effect of this independent authority of the Colleges is to leave the Undergraduate without any appeal from the injustice of a Common-room council. The Chancellor, as far the University is concerned, is a blessed nonentity, who contents himself with appearing once or twice in his lifetime at Oxford, when he sits in gold lace on a throne in the theatre, and makes false quantities in his Latin. What chance would there be of a poor student having his humble petition attended to by the Earl of Derby or the late Duke of Wellington? The Chancellors before the Reformation were always resident, and took a real interest in the affairs of the body. Again, the Vice-Chancellor must be Head of a College. If there be any appeal to him—which is much to be doubted—it is highly improbable that he would interfere, if he could.

It is true, there is a visitor to every College, but this individual has even less connection with the University than the Chancellor. It was not

* "*Liber Niger Scaccarii*," vol. ii., p. 593.

so once. Alas! Oxford, so tenacious of her bad institutions, gradually allows her good ones to grow obsolete. For instance, in the days of good Queen Bess, the Fellows of Corpus Christi had impertinence to elect a Romish President. The Protestant monarch proclaimed the election void, and restored the former President, who had been turned out by Mary. The Fellows refused to receive him, and barricaded the door. The Visitor—the Bishop of Winchester—took a force, battered the door in, and having gained admittance, expelled these Fellows without another word. What Visitor of the present day would dare do even less than this?

It is strange, too, that while the University affords no protection to the student from the wickedness of his College, the latter can, and does, at times, protect him from the just demands of the University. In the days of good old Gaisford, the late Dean of Christchurch, men have often been pursued by the Proctor's "bull-dogs" to the very gate beneath Tom Tower, where the porter has refused to give up their names, and has been supported in this refusal by the Dean. Yet, the offences of these men could not be punished by the College, which properly could take no cognisance of what was done without its walls.

That an easy and impartial appeal is much

wanted in Oxford, is proved by the events of every day. The affair which I have related as having taken place at Trinity is a powerful proof of it. But it by no means stands alone. Listen, now, to a tale of College injustice, for the truth of which I can vouch, as it happened to a friend of mine, belonging to my own College, and under my very nose.

Smith—as I shall call him—entered Sempitern under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. Like myself, he had been at a German University, and the narrow-minded Dons took it into their heads, because he was rather lazy and irregular at chapel, that he was inclined to be an atheist. Smith was a clever man, and it is possible that in his essays he may have introduced some wild ideas; but I am certain that no man ever believed more faithfully in the doctrines of our Church.

Smith had not been a week in Oxford before he fell into trouble. One morning, very early, he was awoken by a tap at his door.

“Come in,” he grunted sleepily.

“Mr Smith?”

“That’s my name; what’s the row?”

“The senior Proctor wishes to see you at the rooms, under the old Clarendon, at ten o’clock.”

Smith was amazed and alarmed. What could the Proctor want with him? He had done

nothing that he could bring to his conscience, except lying in bed too long, and he could not understand it. However, he went to the rooms, and there found the two Proctors, two of the pro-Proctors, and a body of policemen, drawn up in awful solemnity.

In serious and impressive language the senior Proctor proceeded to charge him with his offence; which was, that he had been seen coming out of a low house in a low part of the town.

Smith, who was as innocent of the offence as a babe unborn, stoutly and amazedly denied it. The policemen who had brought up the charge had been on neighbouring beats. Policeman A. said, "He had seen a gent in cap and gown go into the house in Gloucester Green, and had waited about twenty minutes till he came out again. He had not seen his face, and his figure only very indistinctly, and was afraid to turn on his lantern, lest the gent should take alarm, and bolt. He had therefore seen him slip round the corner, and meeting policeman B., had told him to follow sharp after a gent in cap and gown."

Policeman B. stated, that, having received information, he gave chase in the direction indicated, and came after a time upon a gent in cap and gown walking leisurely, whom he followed to the gates of Sempitern, where he inquired of the porter, and found it was Mr Smith.

Senior Proctor to policeman A.—“What was the gentleman like?”

Pol. A. “could not say exactly; hadn’t seed very clear; the night was dark, and the gent slipped by in a hurry like.”

Cross-examined by the defendant.—“Had dark trousers, he thought.”

Pol. B.—“The gent he followed was certainly Mr Smith. He wore light grey trousers. It was about five minutes between the time of the information and when he overtook Mr Smith.”

Pol. A. re-examined.—“The gent had his back towards me.”

Defendant.—“If the senior Proctor will allow me, I will put on my cap and gown, and the first policeman shall say whether he thinks I am the man who came out of the house.”

Smith puts on cap and gown, and turns his back to the policeman, who says, “he doesn’t see any resemblance at all.”

Smith then explains, that, having been only a week in Oxford, he is quite ignorant where Gloucester Green is; but that, as he was wandering about last night, it is possible that he may have been in that neighbourhood, and that, while the real culprit escaped, policeman B. had overtaken him instead. He points out the fact that he wore light trousers, which must have been noticed by policeman A., who mentions dark

ones instead; and offers finally to bring a Fellow-collegian to prove that he left him only about half-an-hour before defendant returned to Sempitern, and that it was impossible he could have gone down to Gloucester Green, staid there twenty minutes, and returned to College, "walking leisurely," in that time.

The case is so clear, and Smith's open face so innocent, that the senior Proctor at once admits a mistaken identity, and not only acquits Smith, but in order to prove his conviction of his innocence, invites him to breakfast the next morning, an unheard-of condescension in a Proctor.

Well, six months after this, Smith disgraces himself by getting drunk in the rooms of a man lodging in the town, and, being very late in returning, he foolishly climbs the walls, instead of going in at the gate. The offence is a common one, but seldom found out. Smith was charged with it, admitted it, expressed his sorrow, and was very properly condemned by the College to rustication for one term.

Now comes the iniquity.

It so happens that the senior Proctor hears of Smith's misconduct. He sits down and writes a letter to the Dean of Sempitern, telling him that the said Smith had been charged with a grave offence about six months ago; that he had

been then acquitted, but that, since he (the Proctor) had heard of his recent misconduct, he had *changed his opinion* about him, and believed that he had been guilty in the first case.

“To take an account of the matter,
A Common-room council was held:
My friends got a long imposition,
And I was just briefly expell’d.”

So says a favourite Oxford ditty, which Smith had been chanting in quad a few days before, when he ran up against Tommy Long.

“Take care that isn’t your fate, young man,” says Tommy.

“No fear, sir,” says Smith, little dreaming how prophetic was the remark.

A Common-room council was held. Smith insisted on an investigation. Policeman A. and B. repeated their statements; the matter was as clear as daylight; and the Head and Tommy Long were convinced of his innocence. Not so Mr Baddun, who believed that Smith was an atheist. I have stated before that the Head of Sempitern was a weak-minded old gentleman, and that Tommy cared more for his port than for College discipline. The Dean and Mr Baddun won the day, and Smith was condemned to be expelled. Expelled! how terrible that word to a young hopeful spirit. The first great stain in life, and one that will dye it indelibly for ever.

"He was expelled from Oxford," would be said of him for years and years. He would never recover the blow. He was ruined.

Now Smith, poor fellow, had lost his father. His mother was poor, and was pinching to keep him at College. Smith thought of his mother more than of his own disgrace, and when the Dean summoned him to his room, and told him of the sentence, Smith fell on his knees, and burst into tears.

"Oh! sir, my mother, my poor mother. Oh! sir, have pity on me."

The Dean was unmoved, and coldly explained that the sentence was irrevocable.

"Give me your mother's address," he demanded," chewing his lips.

"Oh! sir, for God's sake do not write to her; leave it to me to tell her. Oh! sir, it will break her heart," cried poor Smith, sobbing like a child.

"Your mother's address, sir," was the sole reply. And the brute wrote—a stiff, cold letter.

Well, Smith staid away for a year or so, and was then admitted to a hall, the Head of which agreed in thinking the sentence unjust. Some years after, Smith, who was really seriously-minded, wished to take holy orders. I heard that the old judgment was brought up again,

and that he applied in vain. No bishop would take him, and who would believe his story, in preference to that of worthy Oxford Dons?

I have given this tale at length, to prove to what excesses Oxford injustice may be carried, and how the system warps both judgment and heart. This is, unfortunately, no exceptional instance.

But it is not with such that we are concerned. It is the daily discipline within the College that needs our comments. I take it that discipline has a twofold object: 1. To repress excesses; 2. To encourage piety.

Now, the Oxford system, being so opposed to pious and sober living, is forced to compel, where it fails to encourage.

Take the chapel, to begin with:

“For heaven is mock’d, and bells to chapel toll,
To see no name be missing on the roll.”*

This is, unfortunately, no longer the case. I say “unfortunately,” because the only excuse for making attendance at chapel compulsory is thus taken away.

Now let us put aside all sentimental ideas about religious discipline—words which, in themselves, present a paradox—and examine the real facts of the case. It is consoling to Christian

* “The Oxford Spy,” London, 1818.

charity to believe that the stories of monks of old keeping up their supper parties "till the bell for matins went ting-tong," &c. &c., are wicked calumnies; but, when we find so clear an analogy in our modern Universities, so strong a proof how revel and religious formality can be combined, we are driven to admit the possibility of their truth.

Now, how is chapel-going regarded at Oxford? Let us take the best and most pious of the young men. Do they not think it a bore, or at best only a duty? Or, if they do not think it so, they dare not confess that they go to prayers for the love of God; the impious fashion of the place forces them into a weak profession of detesting it. But these men are very rare. Not two are to be found in a College, who rise cheerfully at half-past six on a raw winter's morning to pay their meed of praise to God. It is related of Hooker, that he did not miss one attendance at chapel during his College career. The tale is told as a marvel, and a marvel it is, though it should not be so. Again, take the quiet men, of Mr Matinal Plain's stamp. Though they eagerly fight for tickets of admission to the fine choral services at New and Magdalen, though they will hurry down from dinner to hear the Rev. Mr Hackman thunder furiously from his pulpit in St Paul's, they creep most unwillingly to

listen to the dull, monotonous whine of Mr Baddun, or the rapid irreverence of Tommy Long.

But by far the larger number of the students look upon chapel-going as a tedious duty, and one of their earliest calculations is, as to how many chapels they can miss in the week, without getting a bad character, or a sniffing reproof from the Dean.

The ordinary Undergraduate wakes often from a drunken sleep, swallows a tumblerful of soda-water, just dashes a sponge over his face, brushes his hair, drags on his lower garments, and, covering all untidiness with a large great-coat, hurries down, cursing the chapel audibly, just in time to be pricked off by the Chapel-man or Bible-clerk. He has no time to compose his mind before entering God's house; and if he had it, he would scarcely improve it. He is quite happy if he can manage to stuff a novel into his pocket, to read during the service; or, if more exemplary, will pass the time in cramming his Greek Testament for "greats." Many a man tells you proudly that he passed a capital divinity examination in consequence of his chapel studies!

Then, if perchance he set his mind to pray indeed, there is Bolter on his right parodying the Litany in an under-tone; or Scamperton on his

left expressing a *sotto-voce* wish, accompanied by a stout expletive, that "the old boy would shove along a little faster."

But, even if this were an exceptional instead of being a very common case, it is a sufficient argument against the system, that at least nine-tenths of the men think it a bore. I do not say that there should be no chapel-prayers—far from it—but only that it should be left to the young men to go or not, as they pleased. I think it would be found that, when the compulsion was removed, many would go from choice, though, perhaps, less often; while, at any rate, those who go to desecrate the place, by reading novels, cramming the Greek Testament, and whispering to one another, would stay away. It would then be in the power of the Dean to speak seriously and sensibly to any man whom he found constantly staying away, and not merely, as is now done, to threaten him with impositions, gating, or rustication. But can we expect that men whose sense of right and wrong is dulled by continual Common-room port—men who themselves attend as a matter of form and duty—men who, like Tommy Long, are not ashamed to go in a muddled state to God's house, or make gross blunders in reading prayers addressed to Him—should take a high ground with the souls committed to their charge? It is only natural that

they should make that a human duty, which is really an act of love.

I shall not go into the shameful details connected with evening chapel in those Colleges where the Dons have attempted to put a stop to wine-drinking, by fixing seven o'clock as the chapel hour, giving just time enough for a large quantity of port to be imbibed, and plenty of profanity given out; but I must not pass over the fact, that in most—fortunately not in all—Colleges the taking of the Sacrament is also made compulsory. The temptations of College-life are so many, the conversation so lax, the revel and riot around so ceaseless, that even the most conscientious man, allowing that he can contrive to secure, free of interruption, a few solemn hours for preparation, must be very strong-willed indeed to carry out his intentions of leading a new life; but it has often been remarked, and my experience confirms it, that the evils of the system by no means end there. To say nothing of the reckless and indifferent, who go through the form without attaching any real meaning to it, I have known the Sacrament taken by men who at midnight before were reeling drunk, and who, a few hours later, will commit the worst sins; men, too, who would not think of taking it unless they were compelled. These cases, I hope, I trust with all my heart,

are rare, though I have been unfortunate enough to see several such ; but, however rare, is it not terrible that, by a narrow system, even one man in a hundred should be induced to eat and drink the Lord's Supper to his own damnation ?

It is somewhat in this way, then, the Colleges "encourage" piety. There are, it is true, one or two Colleges where a sermon is delivered after morning-chapel on Sunday ; but the effect of this, following a long service and preceding breakfast, is somewhat doubtful. But what there is *not* in any College, is any attempt on the part of the Dons to fulfil the serious charge they hold, and acquit themselves of the responsibility of the souls committed for the time to their guardianship. This responsibility devolves mainly on the Dean,* who is, as it were, the chaplain of the society. No attempt is made by this officer in any College to ascertain the real state of mind in which the young men are living under his very nose ; or if, as in some cases, the attempt to ascertain it is made by employing the Scouts to act the spy, it is followed up, not by calm reasoning or gentle dissuasion, but by vulgar threats, which can only serve to render the gulf between the young and old so much the broader.

This is, indeed, the chief accusation that we

* Called Censor at Christchurch.

bring against all Dons alike. We may say that some are drunkards and gamblers, most of them narrow-minded, stiff, pedantic, and disagreeable; but we can predicate of all, without exception, that they make no attempt whatever to work upon the souls of those committed to their charge. No Don will budge an inch, or give up one jot of his dignity, to conciliate and win over a young man whom he knows to be going on badly; no Dean would condescend to visit such a student in his own rooms; and no one cares to understand and develop the characters of the junior members. Deans, Bursars, Principals, and Tutors in general, are wrapped up in petty local politics; and as long as they give their lectures regularly, and get some of their men into high honours, they care for nothing else.

It may be said that it is difficult to "encourage piety," without the risk of hypocrisy. I am far from desiring that College prizes or other honours should be awarded for regular attendance at chapel, or other displays of good conduct. The danger of such a thing is obvious to all. But, in the first place, there is some force in mere example. If the Dons cared more for the salvation of their charges, they would be more careful as to their own conduct in general.

Again that stiff, cold, unsympathizing manner, which is so generally adopted by the Don to sup-

ply the want of real dignity, must be thrown off, if any good is to be done. Once show a man that you are interested in him, once make him respect and like you, and you have more hold over him than the most strong-minded companions of his own age. Again, why should not the Dons be on more familiar terms with the Undergraduates? They risk nothing by going to their rooms, chatting familiarly with them, even accepting the proffered glass of wine or cup of tea. It is possible, nay easy, for a really well-meaning man to preserve his dignity in an Undergraduate's as much as in his own room; and it is clear that, in this more familiar intercourse, a great channel would be opened for observing and working on the characters of the younger men. But you might as well ask Jupiter to dance a jig, or the Archbishop of Canterbury to join your blind-man's-buff, as expect an Oxford Don to give up one least iota of his high and mighty dignity. So by all means let him keep it.

The one great opportunity for improving the moral tone of the students, which the University possesses apart from the Colleges, is sadly thrown away. I speak of the University Sermons and Bampton Lectures. These discourses, which are wonderfully well attended,—some Colleges requiring their members to bring up notes of

them ; many from others going for the sake of passing the Sunday morning ; and more, who would not go to another sermon, attending this because they seem to have a certain right of property in it,—these lectures are, alas ! devoted not to the heart, but to the head alone. Celebrated as are the Bampton Lectures, and valuable as they may be to the student of theology, it is much to be regretted that such an opportunity as this, when sometimes as many as three hundred students are collected, should be wasted on points of abstruse controversy or interpretation, rather than seized as a mighty weapon against the kingdom of Satan. Oh ! for a Coquerel, a Whitfield, or even a Spurgeon, in the place of drowsy speculators and slumbrous etymologists. Oh ! for a Paul, who would wince at no truths, and assail one and all, Don and Student, for their laxity, their profanity, their selfishness, and sensuality !

So much for the encouragement of piety in the University which provides our Established Church with nearly one-third of its ministers. We turn now to the regulations for repressing vice and insuring order.

Now, as regards the University apart from the Colleges, I say, either leave the young men quite alone, contenting yourselves with the amount of discipline exercised by a German

Rector, or increase your staff and your powers tenfold. As matters now are, the existence of the procuratorial body serves only to give a zest to improprieties, which would not be thought of in their absence. Many a Freshman persists in going out at all hours without his academical costume, smoking along the "High," and worse things, simply to be able to say that he has braved authority, and doesn't care a rap for the Proctors.

In the first place, the number of acting Proctors is too small; in the next, their duties are too many.

There are only two hours in the day when the Proctors walk the town for the sake of preserving order; namely, from seven to nine P.M. The rest of their time is mostly occupied in official duties unconnected with the discipline of the Undergraduates.

A great part of this time is wasted in futile attempts to make the young men appear in public in their academic dress. Now, it seems quite absurd to attend so minutely to this part of the statute, and utterly disregard another portion, of far more real importance; that, namely, which enjoins that the ordinary costume shall be of a simple and sober character,—black, or *subfusk*,—and discountenances everything that "savours of pride and luxury." Those fathers who have

paid L.400 or L.500 to Oxford tailors for the three or four years' adornment of their sons' limbs, and habiliments worn a few weeks, and then thrown aside to greedy, worthless Scouts, well know that their sons have been making an unnecessary display of "pride and luxury." It is a natural fault of youth, and by no means a modern one at Oxford.

"I beare it," says Terræ-filius in 1726, "to those smart gentlemen who frequent Ligne's coffee-house in silk gowns, tie-wigs, hats, and ruffles, whether this statute be duly observed."

Another statute against lounging idly in the streets, shops, suburbs, &c., is also utterly disregarded.

On the other hand, much time is wasted in visiting the inns, and turning out any students found there. This is very well in its way; but it is well known to the University of Oxford, that its Undergraduates do not get drunk at these places, but at the wine and supper parties in one another's rooms; but, as usual, the Colleges make no attempt to work with the University in curtailing the opportunities for excess.

Amidst all this, those men who are bent on immorality find no trouble, and little danger, in carrying out their designs. They have only to issue forth in cap and gown, which they change for a hat at some favourite haunt, to find out

which way the Proctor and his satellites are gone, and the rest of the town is open to them for at least an hour.

We have all joined of late in expressing our disgust at the immorality publicly displayed in the principal streets of the metropolis; but we should scarcely expect to be asked to do as much with regard to a small country town, which, besides the ordinary police, possesses two Proctors, four pro-Proctors, and a Marshal, who enlists a countless number of cads and pimps to keep watch on the actions of the juvenile inhabitants.

But I will ask any one to "swell the High" with me on Sunday evening, and judge for himself. It has been a custom, from time immemorial, for every Undergraduate to turn out between seven and nine on the evening of the Lord's-day, and all the disreputable part of the female population take advantage of this usage to ply their vile trade. He will there see an immense number of young women for so small a place, Undergraduates talking to them as they walk along, and hear them calling them by familiar names, and even making appointments with them, while the Proctor is engaged in fining those who are foolish enough to come out "in beaver."

If this is to be put down at all, it requires a much larger and more active procuratorial body. But on no occasion is the incapacity of these

velvet-sleeved policemen more apparent than in the absurd annual town-and-gown rows on the 5th of November.

I found this out in my Freshman's term, when I thought it a very grand thing to go out and assert the supremacy of the academy by yelling and fistycuff.

A small body of us—some fifteen or twenty—had been surrounded by fifty or sixty of the populace, and were in some danger, till we succeeded in cutting a way through the thickest of them. We had just emerged, with black eyes and streaming noses, from the fray, when we beheld before us the whole body of Proctors drawn up in a line across the Corn-Market, waiting to receive us. The two Proctors were in the centre, a "pro" at each side, and the Marshal and "bull-dogs" guarding the flanks. To attack the new foe was against all sense of honour. To retreat was impossible. In this dilemma some one cried out, "Charge between them."

We bent down our heads, and made a rush upon the "bull-dogs." I remember striking out on each side, having my cap snatched from my head, and making off at full speed down the street, followed by the entire number of students safe and sound. The thing was done in a minute, without the slightest difficulty.

This is only one instance among a score of the

incapacity of four dreaded officials and their assistants to capture a small body of rioters; and for the rest, I have often heard of a single Proctor being hustled and knocked about in a general skirmish.

On one day only in the year, the University gives up all thought of discipline. This is the day of Commemoration.

“ When gouty generals, who have won their laurels
In bloodless fight of Parliamentary war,
Receive—meet offering to their port and morals—
The dubious honours of the Civil Law.”

This was formerly the carnival of Oxford, and the license allowed to the students was so great, that any Undergraduate might mount the rostra in the theatre, and abuse to his heart's content the Heads of houses, Proctors, and Dons. Tory Oxford could not brook the satire of the Whig juveniles (particularly of the “ Constitution Club,” founded in 1714, and numbering many Fellows of Colleges among its members), and suppressed this privilege in the early part of the last century; but its echo is still heard in the deafening cheers and hisses freely vented by the gallery on favourite or unpopular Dons.

The exhibition is a very silly one, and serves occasionally to display the ignorance of the Undergraduates. I remember that when Dr Barth, the African traveller, received his gown, not one

of these boys, who had cheered each successive general till they were hoarse, knew anything about the man who had done so much for knowledge. He was received with derisive inquiries. "Where do you come from?" "What have you done?" "Now, old gentleman, show your testimonials. What right have you to be made a doctor, eh?" "Oh! don't you know; he's the late Chancellor's retired butler;" and so forth.

It is much to the honour of a University, which retains among its statutes one against playing marbles on the steps of the schools, and another against shooting with cross-bows, that it interferes very little with the innocent amusements of the Undergraduates. Hunting is, indeed, prohibited by a few Colleges, and I think with much reason, as a man who hunts two days in the week cannot read more than two others; but, on the other hand, the prohibition against driving has been removed. But it is, I think, to be regretted that the presence of a theatrical company should be interdicted during term-time. Very few men, however quietly disposed, read much in the evening, and as a general rule, the space between dinner and bed-time is filled up with drinking and supper-parties. Even if these were entirely free from excess, their frequency would still have a very bad effect. Young men meeting day after day, and hour after hour, to

drink and smoke, can have very little to converse about that is not frivolous at least, if not obscene; and, as a general rule, this constant society narrows and depraves the mind.

I cannot see what would be the harm of a little theatre, while, undoubtedly, it would have the effect of breaking up the habit of drinking after dinner, and enable men, who are driven to noisy, drunken suppers for the sake of society, to seek relaxation in a more rational, and certainly more intellectual, amusement. The hours might be regulated by the University, and as its powers are so great, it might even, if necessary, exercise a mild censorship in the choice of pieces.*

I am convinced that the existence of a theatre is a great boon to a German university, lessening the number of *Kneipes*, and supplying new trains of thought and new subjects of conversation; and though I have often seen the pit and gallery filled with students only, I do not remember any disturbance or misconduct. At any rate, there would be nothing more to fear from a well-conducted theatre at Oxford, than there is from those meetings and entertainments at the Town-

* Such is the old-fashioned horror of theatricals at Oxford, that even private displays among the students are often objected to, even at Commemoration. At one College they were, after a hard struggle, permitted, on the condition that no ladies should be admitted among the audience.

hall and the Star, where a large body of police are sometimes required to quell the uproar. The treatment received by Father Gavazzi, some three years ago, is an adequate instance of their absurdity and banefulness.

My charge against the discipline within College, besides that it does not work with, but rather nullifies the effect of, that of the University, is: 1. That threats are used and punishments inflicted, where a little trouble on the part of the Dons, and a little more devotion to the cause, would have far better results. Many a young Freshman might be checked at the commencement of a bad career by a little generous confidence, a little friendly, healthy, and paternal advice, and a little more intercourse generally with his superiors. As it is, he rarely sees his tutors, except in the chapel, the lecture-room, and the dining-hall. The threats of impositions, gating, rustication, and so forth, tend rather to encourage, by daring it, the rebellious spirit natural to youth; and if, which is very rarely the case, he seeks a little counsel and sympathy from the Dons, he is met with that impervious *noli-me-tangere* stiffness, which they fancy to be synonymous with dignity. On the other hand, many an older man might be reclaimed, if he were treated like a gentleman and a man, instead of like a mere schoolboy. To be told to your

face that you are a liar, without the power of reply, is not the way to conciliate or reclaim; yet this is not uncommon between Don and Undergraduate.

My second charge is, that the means taken by the Dons to obtain information are not only unworthy of them, but tend to render them and their authority contemptible in the eyes of their juniors. Unwilling to associate in the least with the Undergraduates, and too lazy to inquire straightforwardly, they have recourse to proceedings worthy only of detective policemen. Some individuals, but perhaps they are not many, are not ashamed to emulate the Rev. A. Baddun, and listen at keyholes or out of their windows. The majority content themselves with enlisting the services of the Scouts, than whom a more rascally set of human beings cannot be imagined. These men, who know it to be their interest to encourage extravagant festivities in their foolish young masters, since the fragments are their perquisites, undertake to give information of everything that passes in the privacy of a man's chambers, and on this information the Dons act and judge.

Practice makes perfect in the detective, as in any other system, and we recommend the following ingenious method of discovery to the notice of the stiff-collared gentlemen of Scotland Yard.

It appears that the anti-Wiseman movement penetrated even to the cloisters of Romanizing Oxford, and the foolish boys at a certain College made an effigy of his lordship, and burned it one night in the middle of the quad. It was impossible to discover the delinquents, the more so that the cardinal's dress had been completely consumed in the *auto da fé*. There remained nothing but a few charred shirt buttons, which had been sewn upon his scarlet garments. This seemed but a slight clue to the mystery, until some knowing young Don suggested that Undergraduates seldom purchased articles of this kind, since the washerwomen undertake the functions of the careful spouse in this particular. They therefore suspected that they must have been cut off some article of under-linen; and as Saturday was come, they applied to the laundress, and inspected the dirty clothes *en masse*. It must have been amusing to the aged investigators to learn that Mr Puggy had only two dirty garments that week,—his usual number,—and that those pink and blue ballet-girls adorned the person of fast young Carenought. Shirts there were in numbers that had one or two buttons missing, and it was a doubtful moment for those who had dressed in a hurry during the week. But no satisfactory result was thus arrived at. At length, in despair, they quietly and unobtrusively went round the

College to the most likely individuals, and coolly requested to inspect their wardrobes. The entire absence of the necessary adjuncts on two undergarments fixed the heinous offence beyond a doubt, and their unfortunate possessor was forthwith recommended to try a change of air, and to bring his dilapidated linen under the notice of his maternal relative.

The same admirable system is pursued by the Proctors, who enlist in their service any low vagabond who cares to report the misconduct of a student.

My third charge is, that no discouragement, but rather every encouragement, is given to a system of continuous festivities, which ruins alike the pockets and morals of the too-easy youth.

Now I am not one of those men who scowl at all the joyous outbursts of youth. Nay, I rejoice at them; and it is delightful to come from the outer world, where all is care and the lust of gold, and find this lavish hospitality, this careless merriment, this indifference to all the weighty truths of life. It is a joy to throw off all responsibility, and sip old port, that has lain breast-high in sawdust many a summer, many a winter, gathering age to glad the youth of man; to have the amber ready to the lips, and puff rich clouds of soothing smoke; to listen to the light-hearted prattle of men who know nothing of a wife and

bantlings, nothing of the cares of a curacy and fifty pounds a-year.

But alas! how wearisome is the repetition, how deadly-lively becomes the bilious gaiety at last. The port, too, is never old; the smoke-clouds are ruining a young vigorous constitution—are clouds of death and poison; the wit—can I call it wit?—is stale and often-uttered; the mirth is simple emptiness of mind—its best effusions mere obscenity, and the songs have been sung everywhere for the last twelvemonths.

Now, just hear what opportunities of “society” an idle or a too easy man possesses at Oxford.

You are asked first to breakfast. Be well-dressed, or a loud talker, or in a good set, a first-rate oar, or a good seat, and you will have such an invitation for every day in the week, and probably two for Sunday. Refusal—unless you are known to be reading hard—is out of the question. Order your own breakfast courageously, and before you have made your coffee, up come Tally-ho Topbar and a few other spirits worse than himself, and pull you neck and crop down to the breakfast-room.

There you are for a good two hours. An Oxford breakfast is a banquet. Fish fried and boiled; change plates—hot meat; change again—cold ditto; change once more—preserves, marmalade, anchovies, and so forth. Meanwhile,

coffee and tea *ad libitum*, and anything you like *ad nauseam*. When the boys have gorged themselves enough—talking little and under some constraint, because the day is early, and they are uncomfortably sober—in come the tankards. Cider-cup, beer-cup, and strong ale, are indispensable; pipes are lit, and a little hilarity got up by the host, who, fearful his entertainment should go off flatly, at last becomes familiar even with Sniggins, who is a slow man, and brings out a long-premeditated witticism, or treasured *canard*. He is seconded by some more audacious youth telling a thundering lie about his own achievements; and he is made quite happy by an angry dispute being got up as to some trifling question of facts between two others. This sets all the party at their ease, and they smoke away till eleven o'clock bell, when all rush off, to be scolded like schoolboys at lecture.

Your invitation to lunch is a more *recherché* matter. Not that you need fear lunching alone. Some one is sure to join you. But luncheon-parties are select, and claret or hock are looked for, and therefore it is not every one who gives a lunch. It is wonderful what an appetite the prosy lectures of the Rev. Samuel Drybosh have given you. You are not sickened at the hot cutlets and steaks with oyster sauce, nor disgusted at the repetition of marmalade, sardines,

cider-cup, beer-cup, Merton Archdeacon, Brase-nose Proof, or Skimmery Burton, as the case may be. You eat and drink, and talk of what is to be done after lunch.

Wherever you go between lunch and dinner, there is beer. If down the river, there is perhaps gin-sling into the bargain. If on the cricket-ground, it will be iced-beer. If on horse-back, it is varied by brandy and water at every stoppage. You must be hardy-headed to come into dinner not half-mused.

At dinner the huge joints, or the piled portions, disappear as if the diners had tasted nothing for at least four-and-twenty hours. After dinner, Oxford port and pale sherry, or a woody claret, dessert, weeds, coffee, and the same style of conversation—but by this time more animated; the voices become louder, the lies more audacious, the betting on disputed points higher. A little obscenity and a good deal of swearing is now appreciated, impudence becomes louder and bolder, bravado unabashed, nonsense is welcomed, and Bacchus brings out the real character, and sometimes the deepest secrets, of his devotees, to the amusement and amazement of the rest.

There is never much drunkenness at a large "wine." There are always two or three men who are forced to leave early, and their vacant places

throw a gloom over the rest, who find out that they have promised to play pool, or billiards, or something of the kind. The sensible man will give only large "wines." He will find that *less* wine is drunk by twenty men under these circumstances, than by a small party of eight or ten.

Small "wines" often go on till supper-time—that is to say, for more than three whole hours. Then comes the grand finale—then everything is forgotten, every passion let loose, every tongue unbridled; and if one-half of the men are sober at midnight, it is because they have reserved themselves to put the other half to bed. The Oxford supper-party, large or small, is always a drunken brawl.

Now, I do not say that it is easy,* under the present system, to put an end to this continued round of entertainment, which, however innocent in each several case, is perilous to body and soul, when it comes day after day with little variety. But there is one means by which it might be gradually contracted within certain limits. I

* It is only just to state, that in one College—Exeter—an attempt has been made to limit wine-parties on Sunday evenings. No man may invite more than two guests. I have, however, often been at Sunday "wines" in that College, where the two have gradually increased to ten; and again, as I have shown, these small "wines" are much more to be dreaded than large ones.

mean, by the introduction of female society—by enabling Fellows to marry.

The *pros* and *cons* of this question are so numerous, that it would take a whole paper to argue it properly. I must therefore limit myself to a few remarks.

The question cannot be properly sifted, without considering the other no less important one of the tenure of Fellowships, the main argument of which amounts to this :—

1. It is proposed to allow Fellows to marry without limiting the tenure of their Fellowships to any number of years.

The chief objection raised to this is, that Fellows will then never resign their Fellowships, and there will so be an end to the present rapid succession.

Now, *first*, I maintain that the succession would not really be rendered much less rapid by the marriage of Fellows. It is not the desire to marry which now induces men to resign their Fellowships, but weariness of Oxford life, and of teaching the same things over and over again year after year. Married resident Fellows would have the same inducement to resign; and for non-residents, there might be a limitation of tenure.

Secondly, I deny that rapidity of succession is desirable. Fellowships ought not to be regarded

in the light of prizes to individuals, but as benefits to the University, by securing the services of able men for the instruction of its youth. The rarity of the prizes, moreover, would raise the standard of the men to whom they are given.

2. It is proposed to allow Fellows to marry, but limit the tenure of the Fellowships to ten, twelve, or fifteen years; and I cannot see that the number of these years is a matter of very great importance.

Now for non-residents this would be all very well. To send a number of young men out upon the world, and compel them to celibacy, is a useless and gratuitous cruelty, which none but a zealous Malthusian could approve of. But of course non-residents would never give up their so-much per annum if they were allowed to marry, and had nothing to do for their money, while to recall them into residence when they had forgotten all their Greek and Latin in ten or fifteen years of other pursuits would be absurd. A limitation of tenure is therefore very desirable for non-resident Fellows, and I do not know of any arguments that can be maintained against it.

Not so, however, for resident Fellows. The fact is, that there should be no such things as non-resident Fellows. Every receiver of a Society's benefactions ought to do something for

the money, and every Fellow of a College ought to be also a Tutor, or College-officer.

Now, to limit the tenure of resident Fellowships is,—1. Unfair to their holders. After ten or fifteen years of College life, you would throw a man upon the world, without a profession, at an age when he is too old to learn any. This, however, would not be the case if professional Fellowships were instituted (see chapter on “Constitutions”), or if only a certain proportion of Fellows were compelled to take orders. 2. Unfair to the University, because when a man thoroughly understands his duties in the College, and has acquired complete experience in teaching, you are forced to dismiss him to make room for a young man of no weight and no experience.

I have little hope that Oxford will ever see the wisdom and propriety of making residence and teaching a *sine quâ non* of the gift of her benefactions; but even if it were so, we need not, I think, apprehend that vacancies would become much rarer from allowing Fellows to marry. Weariness of tutorial duties, the desire to raise one’s self (which cannot be done beyond a certain point at Oxford), to improve one’s income, or to change the academic for a rural life, the discipline of boys for the cure of souls, would operate sufficiently to make even married men

resign their Fellowships after a time, and such resignation could be made imperative on the acceptance of a College living; and if it can be proved, which I think it can, that the majority of present resignations do not result from the desire to marry, the question is thus settled.

But it appears to me that the proposition has been argued on very poor grounds. Its opponents have taken it for granted, that if you accept the reform, every Fellow will immediately rush headlong into matrimony. Now, in spite of the rage for frugal marriages, I cannot think that young men in receipt of rarely much more than a hundred a-year, with very slow advancement, little means of increasing their income, but very comfortable in their present positions, would recklessly brave the cares of housekeeping, and load themselves with the "encumbrances of the hymeneal state." Fair and fascinating as are the daughters of England, her sons are not so unselfish as to renounce their port and penny-commons for weekly bills and yearly babies at this rate.

On the other hand, its advocates have taken only the actual Fellows' views of its advantages. They have seen little to be gained from it, but the possibility of a young lover in cap and gown putting an end to his own and Mâry's sighs, by the long-desired purchase of the ring. They

have never put forward the many advantages that would accrue from it to University society, and the humanizing influence which woman would bring to bear over monkish Dons and licentious Undergraduates.

The objections that have been started are not only trivial, but extremely ungallant.

It is not true, for instance, that none but young weak-minded Fellows desire this reform. Of 371 who subscribed to the memorial from Cambridge, no less than 261 were Fellows of more than ten years' standing, and of these 147 had been above twenty years in that position. Five of them, indeed, graduated fifty years ago, and can therefore have no eye to matrimony on their own account.

Taking it for granted that the wives of married Tutors and Fellows would live within College,—a thing almost impossible, certainly very difficult to manage,—the objectors are impolite enough to suppose that these institutions would be immediately brought under the despotic thralldom of petticoat government; cabals and gossips be increased ten-fold; and no junior members escape the risk of partiality. To this I would reply, that since the Heads of houses are almost all married men, this difficulty must already exist, if at all; and, indeed, I could mention one College which is said to be governed by a Principaless.

Then, as to partiality, every Undergraduate knows that no amount of female influence could increase that which already exists, or bring more excuses and consideration for the rich and well-born, and more insolent overbearing to the poor and insignificant.

Then it is said that mammas would be entrapping, and unmarried sisters fascinating, the unfortunate young Commoners ; still more the Gentlemen-commoners and gold-tassels. Poor dears ! what a hard fate for them to marry their Tutors' sisters or daughters ! They do not see that the chances of a few love-affairs of a pure description would be a great blessing to Oxford ; that it would not interfere with study more than hunting and cricket do ; and that it might seduce many a spoony swain from the side of his jeweller's daughter, his Scout's sister, or some woman of yet lower class. Every one knows that young Oxonians are always in danger of being caught up by designing tradesmen's wives, to whose society ladies'-men resort for want of any better ; and we have one or two instances, even among our aristocracy, of foolish unequal matches formed only at College. The Tutors' daughters would put a stop to this mixture of caste, and even encourage an emulation in study and steadiness among both Dons and Undergraduates.

Another objection, that the quadrangles would

be filled with nurses and babies, depends also on the question of residence within or without College. But, even if the wives and families were to reside within the walls, I cannot see what hurt would ensue from the occasional glimpse of an innocent infant smile amid stale dissipation, or that the grown-up babies would suffer much from contact with those in long-clothes.

A graver objection is made on the score of morality. What! I ask, is there so little honour left in English youth, that wives and daughters are not safe at the seminary which prepares men for the service of the Church? Are we accustomed to think of English gentlewomen in this light? Fie, fie!

Or, if you look at this objection in another point of view—I quote in answer what the “Saturday Review” says about it—“it seems to us the most overstrained apprehension in the world. Simple and frugal family life, such as that of an intellectual man ought to be, is at least as edifying and improving a spectacle for the Undergraduates, as the present habits and lives of bachelor Fellows.” At least, indeed! I trust it is far more so. Those who have read “Tom Brown’s School-days” know what Rugby owed to the excellent wife of its best Head-master, and can guess what a Tutor’s wife

might do for young Freshmen just arrived from school.

Those again, who, like myself, have had the good fortune to be acquainted with the wives of several private Tutors in Oxford, must remember how refreshing a change they have found in their little tea-parties from time to time, and how this occasional revival of home society checked them awhile in their licentious courses. They may remember, too, how awkward they felt at first in a lady's society, and they well know the reason of it, for there they had to bridle their tongues. Nay, this inconvenience, common alike to Dons and juniors, is of old date. Sir Thomas Overbury says of the Don,—“He is never more troubled than when hee is to maintaine talke with a gentlewoman, wherein he commits more absurdities than a clowne in eating of an egge.”

A more serious objection,—at least to an Oxonian mind,—arises from the history of the celibacy of Fellows. Now, I maintain that it is nothing but a remnant of the celibacy of the priesthood before the Reformation, and has no more right to be continued than the Latin services at Christchurch. It will be remembered that Oxford adhered to Rome long after Mary's death. Nay, there were Romish disturbances in the Colleges even two years after Elizabeth's

popular reception at Oxford in 1566. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned in Broad Street to no purpose ; and the Oxonians of to-day, retaining the Romish tendencies of their predecessors, have only emulated the hypocrisy of the Jews, in building the martyr's memorial.

Now, the argument put forward is this. The statute which enjoins, " that noe manner of person, being either *Heade* or member of anie College or *Cathedral Church* in thys realm, shall in the same College have, or be permitted to have, *within the precincte* of anie such College, *his wyf*, or other woman, to abide and dwel in the same," was made in 1563, after Elizabeth's accession, and does not, therefore, belong to a Popish age.

Very true, but observe the passages which I have italicized. It is clear from them that Fellows were allowed to marry, but only forbidden to have their wives " within the precincte" of the College. Again, the statute extended to cathedral churches, and is annulled in their case. Lastly, the statute extended to the Heads of houses, who are now, and have long been, permitted to marry.

To this it is replied, that there are express clauses in the founders' statutes forbidding Fellows to marry, and this is the principal objection. Now, why were these clauses inserted ? Clearly because the Fellows were intended, after a certain

probation,—generally of two years,—to become priests; and the clauses were to prevent their marrying during that probationary period. Now the Reformation, in abolishing the celibacy of the priesthood, rendered these clauses unnecessary. But, to observe the will of the founders in this particular, in very spite of the Reformation, is as absurd as it would be criminal, to observe the solemn injunctions of some of them who left their alms solely on condition that masses should be daily repeated for their souls. If the Reformation, hated and despised as it is by many Oxonians, has had power to annul the solemn conditions of their benefactors, why should it not prevail to do away with clauses evidently inserted with a view only to lay probationers? How can a Fellow of Magdalen, for instance, reconcile it with his conscience to keep that sweet girl waiting ten years in hopes of a College living, when he daily disregards the oath prescribed by William of Waynfleet, to be administered by the President to each Fellow on his election, that he will, on pain and peril of everlasting damnation, neither alter, nor cause to be altered, *directly or indirectly*, one tittle of the founder's laws, among which is the injunction to say mass daily for his soul? Or how is it that the celibat Vice-Principal of a certain Hall overlooks that other solemn and no doubt salutary

injunction, which made apple-dumplings, with a quarter-of-a-pound of brown sugar, and the same amount of butter, the students' proper fare for two days in the week?

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Maid of the Mill*," Vertigo, a tailor, when it is proposed to pay him, replies,

"Good faith! the least thought in my heart; your love,
gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me. Money? Hang money.
Let me preserve your love."

The Oxford tradesman, though he does not speak in blank verse, uses very much the same words as Vertigo, when he takes a Freshman's measure. But let not the credulous boy be deceived into the idea that his credit will be a whit the longer for this than at any town in the kingdom. Oxford tradesmen have been bullied and cheated out of the long-credit system, and their sin now lies, not in the giving of credit, but in holding it out at first as an inducement to extravagance, and closing fiercely on the debtor when his time is up. "The belly," says Overbury, "is an insatiable creditor, but man worse;" and young Hopeful will learn this through bitterness and agony. Let him not be deceived, when, at the end of term, he applies for his bills, and not one of them is sent in. He is ready, able, and willing to pay them then; they are small as

yet, and he has the money. But he will ask for them in vain, and if he is not strong-minded, he will spend the money that should have gone to his tradesman in a trip to London, or some such devilry. At the end of next term he will be less willing, less able, to pay the increased amounts. At the end of the first year a few bills will be modestly sent in. He has never expected them to be so large, and to quiet the applicants,—a most absurd plan, by the way,—goes and orders many things which he really does not want.

Thus the system goes on quietly and imperceptibly, till two years are past, and young Hopeful has begun to think that Oxford tradesmen, like *Vertigo*, care only for his love. He will soon be undeceived. Those single knocks at his door just after breakfast, those humble, fawning faces, set off by an endless list of items on a long slip of paper, are the prelude to his misery. The dun is not long now in swelling into the creditor. Peremptory applications in writing follow the personal interview. An accountant's letter rapidly succeeds these. Another, and before the month is out comes the Proctor's epistle, with a fine of five shillings. Now, let him not delay a moment. Be his bills what they may be, let him make a clean breast of it at home, and pay as much as he can. If not, the Proctor's letter will be very speedily followed by

citation, costing L.1, 12s., and the expenses will go on increasing, till he may often have three or four pounds costs to pay on a bill of the same amount.

Many plans have been devised for stopping this absurd system. In some German Universities, a list of the names of all students is published, with the amount of their incomes and expectancies affixed. Now, it is clear that the publication of such a list in England—even if possible—would leave the wealthier men, and those who had fortunes in prospect, to the mercy of fleecing tradesmen. A far better plan was proposed by “An Oxford B.A.” in 1844. It was to make ready-money payments imperative; to exercise the powers and privileges of the University in discommoning tradesmen and rustivating students who gave or took “tick” for more than two terms. To this it is objected, that the system has been tried in Cambridge, where tradesmen are forced to send in their bills to the College authorities, but has not succeeded; because those who were really extravagant carried on their credits with London houses. Now, it is not for the naturally extravagant that we fear; it is for those men who try to begin well, and who, if the power of so beginning were open to them, would go on honestly; those, in short, who are actually drawn into the system—willing, but weak-minded ordinary men.

The ready-money system is difficult to introduce; but both students and tradesmen heartily long for it. Those tradesmen who have braved everything, and established it, have succeeded admirably. The shops of Cooper the grocer, and Hookham & Minty the tailors, attest the success of payment on delivery.* Again, the system would not only insure the pockets of poor clergymen and widowed mothers with sons at College, it would also influence society in general, making extravagance and wastefulness no longer universal, but even rare.

But, to effect a complete alteration in the society of the students, the co-operation of the College is necessary. The Scouts' hands must first be shackled.

These old inhabitants, who calmly view generation after generation fly rapidly by them—these men of many masters—are among the lowest of human beings. Bred up to the idea that everything not absolutely wanted by his masters becomes his perquisite, the Scout soon loses all distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and his fingers turn as if by right to the sugar-basin, the tea-chest, the candle-box, the coal-box, and even the wine-bin. I knew a man who never tasted sugar at breakfast, yet kept a pound or two for

* I beg to state, that this advertisement has not been paid for.

his friends. Day after day the basin was placed on his table, and day after day the quantity diminished slowly and gradually, till a new pound was required. He knew it, and laughed. "Why shouldn't Charles be comfortable? At any rate, it doesn't cost me much."

The Scout enters College three times a-day with a large empty basket on his arm. He leaves it three times a-day with that basket filled. He alone knows what it contains. Certain it is, that his legal perquisites, the broken bread and meat left at his masters' meals, form no part of its contents, for these the Scout sells to the buttermilk-man, and they are sometimes served up again, and again paid for by the Undergraduate.

But this is not the worst part of the Scout's character. It is not enough to be a habitual pilferer, he must also be pimp, pander, and hypocrite. To increase his perquisites, he constantly encourages, by means of little flattering wiles, the extravagance and sensuality of the student. "La, sir, a gent like you wouldn't give a breakfast without a shoulder-of-lamb and a turkey. You must have cider-cup and beer-cup at your lunch. It will never do to have ten gentlemen to wine, and only three dishes of dessert, for a gent like you, sir." Alas! the flattery of the Scout is far more subtle than this. I confess my inability to give any idea of it.

Then, again, he is a profound hypocrite, and expresses himself much shocked at an oath, while among his fellows he apes his masters even to their loud swearing. With the Dons he wears the garb of piety, and peaches out the faults and follies of his young patrons with many looks of horror. Nor let the young Freshman fancy he can be bought over. He will take the guinea, promise secrecy, and the next morning blab it all out. He is by nature ungrateful, and no amount of kindness can raise affection in him. He remembers those masters best who have been most lavish of their papas' money, and left him most perquisites. His estimate of a real gentleman is formed from the gold in his purse.

With all this, the Scout is never rich, for he even outdoes his masters in extravagance. Drink is his chief expense. I know a certain little establishment in Oxford, where I have seen four Scouts out of six waiting at hall-dinner, all walking on the clouds, and quite indifferent about the number of plates they dropped, or the quantity of sauce they spilled over your new coat. I remember my Scout once trying to lay the covers for supper. I noticed that he was very long about it, and fumbled the knives and forks backwards and forwards most erratically. At last he could bear it no longer, and whined out, "I wish I *could* get these knives round the table." He

was reeling-ripe. Another beauty of the same class had a mania for sporting, made extensive bets with the Hon. George Bullfinch and young Lord Oldcastle, and would sometimes induce them to lend him a horse or dog-cart to drive out to Bullingdon.

Yet at the end of the long vacation these men are so reduced, that they are not ashamed to seek parochial relief.

But, after all, the real expenses of Oxford lie not in tailors' bills, nor even in Scouts' appropriations.

The only tradesmen who give no credit in Oxford charge the highest credit prices, and fleece the boys the most cruelly. I mean the Colleges themselves.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the Colleges are large boarding-houses, where an average of sixty persons sit down every day to dinner; that they pay no rent; that they have large and rich foundations; that they preserve a strict monopoly in dealing with their inmates; and that they can fix their own tariffs; so that once inside you must pay what they ask, or leave the College—a proceeding always attended with some supposed disgrace.

With these advantages, Colleges ought to be very cheap places of living. But the average residence of a student at Oxford is of twenty-four

weeks in the year; his average payment to the College for that time, for board, lodging, and tutorage, L.80; and as the so-called board does not include grocery, meat for breakfast, wine and other drinks, besides many other things necessary to Oxford life, his expenses for board, lodging, and tutorage cannot be brought at a moderate College under L.120 for the half year—that is, he lives *at the rate* of L.240 per annum. Incidental expenses of a moderate man, for journeys, subscriptions (compulsory at Oxford), fees, and pocket-money, amount to L.25 at least, and clothes to, at the very least, L.15 more; so that his expenses for the half-year are not less than L.160.

I believe that there are not a hundred men in Oxford whose whole expenses are less than L.130 for the academic year. I did, indeed, know one man who boasted that he reduced his to L.100; but he fasted on Fridays and Wednesdays, and wore a very threadbare coat—more honour to him.

Now, how is it that, with one market and the same wants, one College is so much dearer than another? I knew a man at Sempitern—a moderate man—who afterwards migrated to Leggery Hall. Sempitern was a moderate College, Leggery a somewhat expensive Hall. I happen to have two of his battel-bills, each for a Michael.

mas term, but with the difference, that while at the moderate place he resided eight weeks, he only kept six at the dear one. Now compare the accounts:—

	Sempitern College (8 weeks).	Leggery Hall (6 weeks).
Battels and coals,	L.14 0 2	L.17 19 10
Room-rent and taxes, . . .	2 10 0	4 5 8
University and College dues, .	1 15 5	4 1 3
Tuition,	4 4 0	5 0 0
Letters, messenger, gate-bill, &c.,	0 19 10	1 3 2
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	L.23 9 5	L.32 9 11

The one being just nine pounds more than the other, although the residence was shorter by two weeks. It must be observed, also, that the bill for the College never exceeded L.25, while that for the Hall is here much more moderate than usual. Now, let us take L.27 as a very fair average, subtract L.4 for tuition, and we find the expenses of mere board and lodging (exclusive of breakfast, lunch, &c., servants and washing), to be about L.3 a-week to a moderate man; and when we consider that of this the lodging costs on an average only eight shillings a-week, it will be admitted that an Oxford College is an expensive hotel.

But, however this may be, why this difference in different Colleges? Why at one place do you get a good dinner for one-and-sixpence; at an-

other, a cold one for three shillings; at a third, a *recherché* banquet for half-a-crown; at a fourth, grease and grizzle for seven-and-sixpence? It does not depend on the number of members resident. Merton and Magdalen have as many as Lincoln, yet are twice as expensive. Nor do the riches of the foundations diminish the taxes on the students. The revenue of Merton is L.7220; that of Magdalen, not precisely known, but estimated by Huber at L.13,450; but that of Lincoln is only L.2353. Again, it does not depend on the quality of the instruction or the reputation of the Tutors. Merton, perhaps the most expensive College in Oxford, is in no way celebrated for scholarship; and in the last twenty-five years it has only produced seven first-classmen against twenty-three of Trinity, forty-one of Christchurch, and fifty-nine of Balliol. Again, the Tutors' fees make very little difference, varying in different Colleges never more than a pound or two per term. Lastly, the bedrooms are as tiny and close, the commonses as dry, and the fare and accommodations every whit as poor, in the dearest as in the cheapest house.

The fact is, that at Oxford they rigidly preserve the prestige of position, and for this prestige you pay. The Merton man snubs the Lincoln Commoner; the Gentleman-commoner of Christchurch never sets foot in Worcester; the

swell from New is unknown at Jesus, where the Welsh Joneses are so numerous, that it is an old joke to inquire at the lodge for that Mr Jones who uses a tooth-brush. Again, each establishment makes the best business it can. If a College be fashionable, the applications are numerous, and the terms remain high. If another be slighted, its prudent Governors attract customers by their low scale of charges. Balliol, for instance, the best College for scholarship, has sometimes a balance of L.2500 when all expenses are paid, and have yet no hesitation in collecting from their junior members no less than L.300 per annum *for the kitchen fire*. At this rate, since the fire is lit only during six months, it must cost about L.12 a-week—a mere trifle! If any one thinks I am joking, I beg to refer him to Mr Heywood's chapter on College Revenues.

Now, it must not be supposed that the difference in the expenses of different Colleges depends so much on the style of living, or the society of the place, as on the tariff fixed by the authorities of each, and the arrangements made to increase or diminish expense. If any one will take the trouble to find out a moderate man in each College and Hall, and get a sight of his weekly bill, he will soon see where the difference lies. The imposition of a penny or twopence more on every item, or of sixpence

more for the dinner, soon mounts up, and makes a considerable difference at the end of a term.

It is in the power of the Colleges to diminish their expenses, and they ought to do so.

But a truce to these dreary details. Is it worthy, I ask, of Colleges, with revenues varying from three to ten thousand pounds, to seek to make the profits of innkeepers out of their *alumni*? But that they do make them, the statistics sent in, and the existence of immense reserve-funds, prove beyond doubt. If they answer, that their University is meant only for those who can afford it, and those who can't may stay away, I cry, Shame on you, for truckling Mammonites and selfish belly-gods. You refuse knowledge, that you may drink port; and though priests of Christ's Church, reject the poor disciple, that you may fatten on the foolish confidence of the rich. Here, by this Isis, the Druids taught, and hither Alfred the frugal sent his son Ethelward. Now you come, holding the keys of Peter, and lolling in the stalls of a thousand years; and, hard, sensual, and robbers, begin by rifling the pockets of your disciples.

Is this *Alma Mater*, the cherisher—this a University—this the high throne of knowledge ——?

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

PART III.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

πολυμαθίη τὸν νόον οὐ τρέφει.



NEXT to politics and religion there is scarcely a subject of discussion which excites so much irritation as that of education. It is not merely because there are in this island of Great Britain no less than 106,344 men and women of all ranks, ages, and abilities, engaged in teaching, training, scolding, or caning, from the Head of a house down to the village dominie, and that this number exceeds that of the parsons, lawyers, and doctors all put together ; but because education is a subject in which every man ought to be as much interested as in his daily meals and general health, and not a little more so. We have all been educated—are still all being educated—shall all probably go on educating our minds more or less, rightly or wrongly, till our dotage—

and we all either have, or hope or fear to have, sooner or later, young minds which it will be incumbent on us to educate, or cause to be educated, in the best manner according to our means.

So, then, it is a grave topic, and as such, as a matter of course, is the subject of a decided opinion in every British mind. And who so fond of opinions, who so violent in upholding them, who so devoted to discussing and expressing them, as the cubs of that magnificent, self-admiring animal, *Leo Britannicus*?

I approach it then with awe and reverence, and shall endeavour to treat it after the staid and solemn fashion beloved of quarterly essayists.

The worst of this is, that we must set out with a definition, and in this case with a couple. A definition is precisely the most troublesome thing in the world. It is a kind of mental mince-pie, which, besides the common ingredients, must have proper seasoning, and be done up in a compact, eatable, and, what is more, digestible form.

I apply to Johnson, to save me all this trouble; and what does he say? "Education, the formation of manners in youth." If this be true, then Alfred founded Oxford in vain, and Edward VI. wasted substance on his grammar-schools, for Mr Turveydrop alone can impart the desired perfection.

Again,—“ University, a school where all the arts and sciences are taught.” I might as well drop the pen at once ; for it is clear that, if Johnson be right, there are no Universities in Europe to write about.

Now, after much mental parturition, I have produced the following conclusions :—1. Education is a certain relation between a teacher and a pupil. 2. This relation is an intellectual one. The carpenter, who teaches his son to make a garden-seat, is not thereby educating him. 3. It is not simply the imparting of knowledge, but, 4. It is the development of the powers of the mind, and their preparation to receive and acquire knowledge. If you teach a boy to write only, you do nothing for him. If you teach him to read, you educate him.

Dr Newman, who has written for the nonce a very apt work on Universities, maintains generally that a University is a political body. It is evident that the doctor had Oxford and Maynooth in his eye. It is true that many Universities at home and abroad mix, and ever have mixed, most unnecessarily, in political agitations. That of Paris has always been troublesome, and one of the chief duties of the Rector and Curator of a German University is, to prevent the formation of secret societies. But a political body must have some political influence,

and this cannot be predicated of any University. The opinions of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham; Edinburgh, Dublin, and the rest, as Universities, have no more influence on the politics of the country, than those of Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who is continually writing to the "Times," but whose lucubrations do not receive the honour of publication.

Johnson is, however, right, when he states a University to be a school. That is its genus. But there are schools of all sorts—military, medical, surgical, homœopathic, gymnastic, schools of design, and schools of no design, engineering and riding-schools, besides many others; and I have seen an advertisement of a grand polygraphico-æsthetic school, under the superintendence, of course, of a German Ph.D.

A University is again an upper school; but it is not an upper classical, nor an upper mathematical, nor an upper training-school, nor an upper school which simply mingles a certain number of these subjects—it is an upper school where the teaching is not special, but universal.

Then universal is a very big word, and must be pared and cut round to bring it down to our purpose. For instance, a University teaches the mind, not the hand. You don't learn to make pot-hooks at Cambridge, but to compose; not to play the fiddle at Oxford, but the theory of

music; not to shoe a horse at the University of London, but veterinary medicine. Indeed, this is an important limitation, and one often lost sight off. The moment you begin to teach anything manual, you lose the character of the University. To cut up dead bodies, to handle pallet and brush, to mould plaster, to draw sections and elevations, to distil water and make precipitates, to draw up a deed and to *compile* a sermon, all belong respectively to the upper schools of surgery, painting, sculpture, architecture, chemistry, law, and theology. Universities cannot, and should not, undertake to teach you these. They can only give you the science and theory of each, and they can only use the dissecting-room and the studio for the sake of illustration, not of manual or mechanical instruction.

A University is then an upper,—and the uppest,—school for the education of minds by universal science. Its political status, its constitution, and petty parliament, are all hand-maidens to this object. You see the Chancellor in purple and gold, preceded by one gold and five silver pokers, and followed by a score of learned Doctors in scarlet robes, and you say, “Behold the University”; but you are mistaken. Yonder mild, meek Undergraduate, standing humbly aloof, is the master of all this. In civilized countries the buyer is always greater

than the seller; money more honourable than saleable commodities. The mind of the Undergraduate is the customer of all this shopful. It comes here to be educated, and unless it came, this great University would soon sink into a mere curiosity, a collection of almshouses and absurdities. The society and discipline are alike adjuncts. I have heard of children being sent to school to be out of the way, and I knew a man whose foolish parents bid him enter with *carte blanche* at Christchurch to toady young tufts; and of course he was rusticated in his first year; but these are exceptions. Education is the staple commodity, and the *object* of the University. It remains only to ask in what way this education is to be effected. The Ionic motto at the head of this paper tells us that the acquirement of many branches of knowledge does not educate the mind; and we must look at the development of the mind as we do at that of the body—at the University as we do at the training-master of athletes.

The athlete is trained, in order that he may use his body, not for the sake of passive health alone. The University trains the mind too for work, not for an indolent superiority. It is not its province, therefore, to educate soldiers, sailors, or artisans. It prepares those men whose work will be mental; and in the present state of

society this class is very large, comprising all professions (except the inferior grades in army and navy), all servants of Government, all representatives, and all country gentlemen.

The training-master handles the smooth strippling according to his make and constitution, apportions his diet, exercise, and gymnastics, until his frame be supple as the panther's, his muscle high and hard as Vulcan's. It is then alone, and not before, that he allows the young aspirant to put on the gloves; then only that he is permitted to expose his shins and shoulders to the rap of the singlestick; then only that the short-sword makes a devil of his hand and fire of his heart.

Our schools effect the first part of the parallel training of the mind. Books of all sorts and general information are the food of the hungry intellect—study its exercise—propositions its gymnastics. Now it matters not very much what the food be, so it be judiciously proportioned to the strength of the mind's stomach; so it be healthful and simple; so, above all, it be never excessive. With regard to study and to propositions, the question is different. It is clear that it is better to walk five miles one day, six the next, seven the next, and so on, than to have a little walking, a little jumping, a little running on different days. It is healthier to progress

steadily. This secret has been known to educators of all ages; and it is a curious fact, that language has almost always been chosen as the healthiest vehicle for training. It is a mere accident that Latin and Greek have been adopted thereunto by modern Europe. The middle ages had little else to go upon, their own languages being in a changeable and undefined condition. But the Greek of old, and the Hindu of yore, had no need to go to a dead language. They were content to teach their own splendid grammars, and to progress from grammar to logic, which is the mathematics of language. "God's good gift of speech" is a fit exercise for the mind, and if taught philosophically and philologically, it also supplies its gymnastics. But it is clear that mathematics and philosophy afford the most direct propositions, and hence it is that a good school mingles classics and mathematics in judicious proportions, and makes them the principal study. Whatever is extra to these must be added in the light of illustration, and with a direct practical object; and as such, the studies of modern languages, of English and other history, of a little natural science, is not to be objected to, even in our lower schools, provided the teacher continually keep in mind that the harder studies are the more important, that he is training and preparing, not stocking the mind.

When I say that the classics have not been deliberately chosen, but accidentally adopted, by modern Europe, I am not indulging a theory. Latin was before the Reformation a necessary accomplishment, as French is now; it was never taught by way of mental training. The study of Greek was confined to a few erudites. The Oxonian of to-day despises that man who has never toiled through Greek conjugations, but he does not perhaps know that Oxford itself most strenuously resisted—by its usual weapon, ridicule—the introduction of the study of this tongue in the days of Bluff King Hal. When Erasmus was attempting to revive this study, Sir Thomas More wrote thus in 1519:—

“Some scholars of your University, whether out of contempt of the Greek language, or an ill impression they have received, but, what I think more likely, from a wanton desire to play the fool, and trifle, have conspired to form themselves into a distinct body, which shall be called by the name of Trojans, . . . whence no one who has any knowledge of this language is free from their insults at home or abroad, but is pointed at with the finger, and treated with other marks of derision by them, who laugh at nothing but what alone they know not, that is, all good learning, so well the old adage suits them, ‘The Phrygians are late wise.’”

Ay, and suits them to-day as much as then. I can well imagine, that if the study of that best of training languages, Sanskrit, were attempted, as I trust it soon will be, to be introduced into Oxford, its devotees would meet with much the same treatment from Dons as well as scholars.

A nos moutons encore. The boy arrives from school in good mental training, hard-muscled, supple-sinewed. But it is right that the University should carry on this training, because the schools are many, and their systems various, and must be reduced to uniformity. It is only when that state of mental "condition" is assured, that the University can ask the young athlete which branch he takes, what field of action he proposes to enter; whether he will be pugilist, gladiator, or wrestler; in other words, lawyer, priest, or leech. It is then that the teaching of the University can be called universal, because, whoever comes, it can supply him with the science necessary for his future career—the science, but not the practice; for again I repeat, that the University teaches the mind, and not the hand.

The province of the University is thus defined. It is not confined to mental training, nor to special teaching; it completes and organises mental training in the study of classics and mathematics in modern Europe (logic and philosophy among the ancients), and then becomes

professional, and teaches the *science* of each branch of mental warfare.

It is maintained against this, that the University seeks to give only a general education, and until within the last twenty years this was implicitly believed. But the nineteenth century has proved the impossibility of this. Oxford and Cambridge, always last to retreat before progress, and, Parthian-like, casting their darts as they go, have acknowledged this of late years. Cambridge took the lead, by establishing professional tripods; Oxford has instituted final schools, which teach the rudiments of professional science—schools, namely, of law, natural science, and mathematics, one of which it is compulsory to pass. How inadequate these schools are, I shall show in speaking of the Oxford system. For the present, I refer to them merely as evidence that even the Universities have already yielded a little to the demands of the age.

The fact is, that, as the population increases, and as the professional standard rises, the labour of living grows greater, and thus life becomes virtually shorter. It has been proved by long experience that mental training ought to be continued until the beard has settled on the chin, and ordinary boys should not leave school before seventeen. But, on the other hand, the professions will not wait. A young man who would

get on must begin early. Still, it is unwise to begin without adequate scientific knowledge; and the special professional schools do not give this—they give only the practice. The schools of medicine have indeed made an exception, and by consequence nothing is studied so little at Oxford and Cambridge as the healing art, although they have some high prizes there for its votaries.

Law, theology, engineering, and art, are beginning even now to take the matter into their own hands, because the Universities are slow about it, and to teach their science as well as their practice in their special schools. We see it in the new examinations and lectures for the bar, in the increasing foundations of theological schools. The professions are, in fact, rapidly deserting the Universities in England, and find they can do without them. Formerly every barrister had been at Oxford or Cambridge. How is it now? Formerly every physician was a University man. It is now a rarity to find such a one. In fact, time presses, and the necessity of early professional education, and the uselessness of carrying mental training on too late, has been practically manifested. The Universities have yielded a little, because they felt their importance and influence going, but they must yield much before they regain it in full.

The German Universities have long known all this, and made their education professional. They are not contented merely to turn out clergymen and country gentlemen. They, like our Universities, have the best of means, the best professors, the best foundations and aids to scientific learning, and they feel that it is a pity the professions and the government service should not profit by them. But, at the same time, I do not deny that their teaching has become too professional, and that the mental training is often waived entirely. They know it themselves, and strive by many exhortations to recall their students to a sense of the value of a thorough foundation in classics, mathematics, and philosophy, or, as they call them generally, philosophy and philology.

Let us now examine the curriculum of a German University.

Ernst Meyer and August Von Dumberg are emerging from the little, dirty, uncouth village of Dulldorf, anywhere in the Palatinate. The former's father is landgericht, or district judge; the latter's an old baron, who believes that he can still maintain the feudal character of his ancestors in that nondescript, ratty, batty, and owly old ruin half-way up the hill. Meyer has accordingly been sent to a sensible gymnasium, or public school, in the nearest large town, and has in his pocket a first-class certificate, testifying

his abilities and his fitness to enter the University. Three classes of these certificates are given after the final examination, the passing of which enables a boy to leave school. The first is for excellence; the second for *tüchtigkeit* (fitness); the third for *untüchtigkeit* (unfitness); and if a boy can obtain nothing better than the last, he will have to undergo a matriculation examination at the University. Now Ernst having an A 1 certificate, crows considerably over my friend August, whose father, with archaic ideas of that which becomes a noble and a gentleman, the stronger implanted because he is nothing but a *freiherr*, has always kept him at home, with a sallow, sombre, young priest as tutor. Consequently August will be very uncomfortable when he arrives at Bonn, and have to pass an examination before the Rector will admit him.

Now these are the only two cases in which a public matriculation examination is required at a German University. The first and second class certificates from school carry their owner through, and foreigners are only expected to produce testimonials as to respectability of character.

Well, Ernst and August, thus provided, set forth from their native village to walk to the nearest town on the banks of the Rhine. It is the end of September, and the vine-harvest is being gathered in. Peasant men and working maidens

are singing wine-chants, many a hundred years old, up among the rich purple clusters and the changing leaves that yellow all the hill-side; or bearing large, flat baskets on their heads, while the rich juice trickles down their sunburned cheeks.

“Lebwohl,” sigh the youths, turning again and again, and waving their caps to the little village. They are heartily glad to be off though, and burn for the glories of student life. Meyer is short, stout, flabby, with puffy cheeks, a nose like a mashed potato, and little, twinkling eyes, with no vestige of lash. His brown hair is brushed back in Apollonic waves, which fail to give him the intellectual look to which he aspires. The baron’s son has a more interesting face. No matter that the nose is long, the cheeks brown and haggard, the chest cramped; you can see the habit of thought in the eyes and about the mouth, and you believe he may be a youthful Heyne or a sucking Freiligrath. His flaxen locks fall over his shoulders in Hyacinthine curls; and though he is by no means a beauty, he looks picturesque and interesting, and you feel that he must have left some “trauerndes mädchen” in that dirty little village, so sad is his “lebwohl auf immer dar.”

They reach their town at last, dine on white, insipid veal (that must have been killed when in

long-clothes), sour kraut, and plenty of beer; are picked up by the Düsseldorf steamer, and carried down to Bonn, amid a crowd of Englishmen of the Brown, Jones, and Robinson caste, and a host of fat Germans, who are there only for the table-d'hôte. In Bonn they seek a modest lodging, and are soon comfortably discussing a frugal supper, when the door is thrown rudely open, and the light darkened by a stout figure in a helmet, easily recognisable as *polizei* incarnate.

He demands their magistrates' passes, asks where they come from, what they intend to do, how much their papas have per annum, and whether they have been vaccinated within the last seven years. When fully satisfied, he retires, having warned them that they must appear before the Rector within eight days. To the Rector accordingly they go. August is examined by the commission appointed by Government to test the fitness of Freshmen, is pronounced admissible, and joins Ernst in the formal matriculation.

They found out the Secretary's office at the proper hour, and signed their names in the register. This done, a stout, middle-aged clerk ushered them into a long, handsome room, with a table down the middle, a number of busts round the walls, and a score or so of lazy, quaintly-dressed students, sitting or standing about it. After waiting some time, a little brown man,

followed by a large gray one, entered, and the lazy students immediately uncrossed their legs, and surrounded the couple with submissive looks. The little brown Rector favoured the assembly with an oration on the value of academical learning, and sundry very good hints as to how to set about it. He then called them up one by one, shook hands with them, and thus admitted them to membership of the "Royal-Prussian-Rhenish-Frederick-William University" at Bonn.

The large gray man then distributed to one and all a small square "Legitimations-Karte," which he explained to them would be often useful as a proof of their being students, and mostly in admitting them at half-price to the steam-boats, operas, and so forth.

Lastly, the Rector read over certain portions of the statutes, and having duly exhorted them on their moral conduct, dismissed them with kind words. In the anteroom they received from the Secretary and his clerks the large imposing diplomas, which had been written out while the Rector was talking; a book of the statutes was given them; and, for the consideration of two and a-half silver groschen (about threepence), they were served with a list of Professors and plan of the studies. They then paid their fees, amounting in all to only eighteen shillings, and departed to examine their papers.

The first thing they discovered was, that there are five Faculties at Bonn, namely,—1. Evangelical Theology; 2. Romanist Theology; 3. Philosophy; 4. Law; 5. Medicine.

They next found that the title of philosophy comprises four most important divisions, as follows :—

1. Philosophy considered as a foundational study, and thus divided :—

First year—Introduction to the study of philosophy, logic, and metaphysics.

Second year—Critical comparison of the systems. Psychology.

Third year—Philosophical sciences. Ethics.

August's mouth watered. "Psychology, ethics, metaphysics!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I shall stick to philosophy. I am glad I matriculated in this faculty.

"Nonsense," answered practical Ernst; "of what use will it ever be to you? Who cares for philosophy now? You will never make your bread and butter by it. You had better have gone at once to law, as I did; and so lose no time. This University is celebrated for its legal Professors, you know. Did you not see what a number of men entered for law? I daresay half of them at least came from other Universities, where they had got their magister's degree in philology or something, just as men would go

from here to Heidelberg for medicine, or to Leipsic for classical scholarship."

"That's a horrid system," answered August, "to leave one's native University, as it were, just when one is growing attached to it. I shall stay at Bonn. But what is our next division? Oh, No. 2, Philology."

"What a crowd of outlandish languages! They surely don't expect one to learn all those? Why here's, besides Greek and Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit, Persian, Zend—what is Zend?—oh, old Persian, is it, the language of the fire-worshippers? Very good; what shall I want with Zo-roaster when I am landgericht! Then there are a mass of others: Mœsogothic, Anglo-Saxon, Old Saxon, Scandinavian, African languages (South and Central), East India dialects, Telugu, Mah-ratti, Hindi, Hindostani, Guzerathi, three Tartaric languages, Mongolian, Mandschurian; and heaven knows what else."

"Yes, those are partly for the preparation of missionaries, partly for those who are going to study philology as a comparative science, I suppose. I hear there are students here who know every language taught in the University. There is young Bleek, for instance, the son of the eminent theologian. Well, what comes next? No. 3, History and Political Economy. Oh, I see Dahlmann lectures on German constitutional

history; that will be grand. But everything seems universal under this head. Here are lectures on the history of the world, the history of civilization, the history of the European parliament of states. How is this? No Roman, no Greek history?"

"For this reason, my dear fellow. These Professors know well enough that it is useless to lecture on pure history. That must be read. They lecture on the science, the philosophy of history, and this can only be viewed universally. It must, of course, be comparative.

"Good. Then, in connection with this, the study of antiquities, which they call epigraphics, the study of documentary and heraldic evidence. Then, for those who pursue this study alone there are all kinds of lectures—chronology, geography, finance, hypothecation, commercial science, national and international right, statistics, and even police-science.

"Ah, I shall have to attend some of those later," said Ernst Meyer. "What comes next?"

"No. 4, Mathematics and Natural Science. First year, mathematics and physics, mineralogy, botany, and chemistry. Second year, geology, cryptogamy, zoology, zootomy; and continuance of botany, chemistry, and mineralogy. Third year, higher mathematics and astronomy."

“Well but,” complained Ernst, “they can’t expect a single man to acquire all those blessed sciences in the short space of three years—at the rate of half-a-dozen ologies in as many months.”

“Of course not; the lectures are for the convenience of all alike. For instance, here’s a strong recommendation to theologians to study a little botany and mineralogy—to make them fond of the country, I suppose; and students of philosophy are particularly directed to chemistry and geology.”

The other faculties had their various programmes, more or less diversified, but we need not give them here. The main difference is, that, whereas the lectures on theology, law, and medicine, were systematically arranged, so as to afford a steady progress, those under the head of philosophy were distributed with a view to the convenience of students from other faculties. The general plan, and the best, is that pursued by August. A young man begins with the faculty of philosophy, and makes classics, mathematics, or philosophy itself, his principal study for one year, or more, till he is able to take the degree of magister, with which he passes to the professional faculty for which he is destined, and continues in that two, three, four, or even five years, until he is competent to take the final degree of doc-

tor ; which answers in point of position to our B.A. To each Faculty a Dean is attached, for the express purpose of watching the studies and morals of the youth in his charge. To the Dean of Philosophy, August next day repaired. He found the old gentleman encircled by smoke wreaths and folios, and in the same room a rather pretty daughter of seventeen, knitting, as only German women can knit, without a moment's interruption, whether she were sitting, standing, bowing, or moving about. I knew a family of six German girls, who all knitted gray stockings at dinner-time, while a festive kitten played round the table with each of the six balls of gray wool.

The Dean received August rather grumpily at first, having been disturbed in the elucidation of some mysterious passage in some unknown fragment ; but soon melted, and gave him excellent advice. Though himself a pedant, he was not one of those men who think their own line of study the best in the world. He entirely approved the young man's choice of philosophy as a training study, but he reminded him that it was dangerous to let it at once usurp the sole place, and to throw over, for it, the classical and mathematical training he had received before coming to the University. These were, he said, two important paths ; which, though entirely

separate, each led along its own ground to the one goal, philosophy. "The earnest student of classical literature," said the old gentleman, "will not only approach philosophy in the spirit, and with the assistance, of the ancients, beginning with Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, but he will also apply the study of philology—say even mere grammar—and of a nation's literature to the science of man, which is the highest of philosophical sciences."

He warned him to continue his classical studies particularly, and to take them now in a philosophical spirit. It afforded but very little training to the mind to be profoundly critical, and to waver between texts, and readings, and editions. It was better, in reading any classical author, to study the writer's mind in the first place, and the influence of his age and country upon it in the next. He pointed out one course of classical, and another of historical, lectures, which he strongly recommended to August. Lastly, he warned him that philosophy was the gymnastics of the mind. A thousand propositions would occur to him at every step. It were well if he solved them, well if he tried them, even unsuccessfully—always bad to shirk them. But he must be careful. It was precisely these attractive propositions that ruined the young student of philosophy, and made it, perhaps, a dangerous

study for youth. He must go to it therefore in a very humble, a very faithful spirit. It must be to him a religion for the time. If a proposition started up, let him tackle it. If it seemed to admit of no solution, let not his faith be shaken; let him ascribe failure to his own incapacity, and confess his doubts to the Professor. If he solved it again, let not that solution lead him into a reckless theory. Let him not think, because he had leaped one hurdle, that he was fit to run a hurdle-race with the best men in the kingdom, with his very teachers even. Let him submit to them till he had gained the necessary knowledge, skill, and strength, and leave speculation until then. If a young man will study philosophy with advantage and security, he must first chain himself to a strong rock of faith; if he doubts—which he is sure to do—he must combat that doubt to the very utmost, and hold it as a foe, not in the spirit of a partisan.

Of course this calm advice was little to the young man's taste at first. He was too eager to be independent in judgment, and to make his own experience at any risk; but he soon found the value of such a guide, and often fell back on faith, when he would have been miserable under doubt.

He found the Professors' lectures very different from one another. In some the attendance was

very numerous ; and it was evident that the lecturer sought as much to make an impression on his audience as to guide them. In others, the students formed small classes : in the classical lectures they had to construe ; in the philosophical ones, to work arguments and write essays ; and the Professor was always ready to assist and guide each one separately. But August soon found the necessity of even closer attention ; and in his second semester he induced a fellow-student to join him in a *privatissima* course. They selected a young privat-docent as their private tutor. Like most German philosophers, he was a Jew by birth, and a Deist by persuasion. They read Ritter's "History of Philosophy" with him ; and it was curious sometimes to see the young handsome Hebrew twirling furiously round his little room, as he defended the crude theories of the earlier schools on the highest philosophical grounds—his eyes flashing, his nostril dilating, and his little white hand for ever thrusting back his thick black locks, in a fever of thinking.

At the end of two years, August took the degree of Magister of Philosophy, at the same time that Ernst became a licentiate of Law ; and two years later, both ended their studies with a doctor's degree, and were ready for any small government appointment that interest or merit could bring them. Both had taken the same

time to arrive at the same end ; but August had undoubtedly had the better education of the two, and in an open field would certainly have succeeded more easily ; but an open field is precisely what too-systematic Germany does not readily offer.

Four years is the usual time taken by a German student to get his degree. His permission of residence extends for that period, after which it must be renewed. But many take five, six, or even eight years ; and I knew of one old boy who was ten years in getting his diploma. This, however, is not peculiar to Germany. In 1857 there were three Undergraduates in Oxford who belonged to the old system, and must therefore have matriculated in 1849 at the latest.

About this German education there are some points to notice. First, everything that is worth learning is taught at a German University, by a first-rate Professor ; while the Dean of each faculty directs the student in the choice of lectures. Next, though you may matriculate in one faculty, you are not only allowed, but even urged, to attend lectures in others, keeping always your peculiar object in view. Thirdly, most professors, where it is possible, take their audience in classes ; and, lastly, you can, at a very slight additional expense, command very good private tuition.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that this system affords too great a temptation to commence professional and special studies too early. Undoubtedly a boy's mind is not sufficiently trained at school, and it requires a higher and more liberal style of training to develop all its powers before the commencement of any one line of practical study. Again, the professional education is too practical, too special; and the moment it is concluded, the Graduate commences his professional career. Again, I repeat, that it is the province of the University to teach the mind alone; that special schools for the professions are necessary, and that they alone can impart what the University has rarely the opportunities, or even the locality fitted for imparting—namely, the practical instruction. Nor is it right to anticipate this, by limiting the scientific instruction connected with each profession.

But the fact to which I would call most attention is, that the German Universities admit no one who is not fit to study with them. They have fixed a standard of education below which they will not go; and they are therefore never obliged, as the Scottish Universities now find themselves to be, to lower their teaching to the intelligence of their frequenters, nor compelled, as I have known many Oxford Tutors to be, to teach the mere rudiments of Greek and Latin,

the First Books of Euclid, and such arithmetic as even a boy at a parish school has long since mastered. This cannot be said of any English University. The London University, though in many respects it resembles those of Germany, admits students without any qualification, and does not oblige them to proceed to the matriculation examination till long after they have matriculated and attended courses of lectures. The consequence is, of course, that on many the lectures are quite thrown away.

There is not, indeed, a compulsory matriculation examination in Germany, because the majority of students come from the Gymnasia, or public schools, which they do not leave till they are fit to do so, and from which they bring certificates of this fitness. But, as we have seen, all other candidates for admission—except foreigners—are subjected to an examination.

The subject of a public matriculation-examination has been much discussed. It is evident that in England, more than anywhere else, such an examination is desirable, because here the public schools are less numerous, less frequented, and private tuition more favoured. You may take ten boys anywhere, who will each have been taught on a different plan—each have studied different subjects. The object of such an examination would not be to enforce a uniformity

of instruction, but to make a certain previous training indispensable; and it is clear that a University, dealing with such various elements, can have but one uniform mode of treating them. Again, a public matriculation examination would elevate, by reflection, the standard of school-teaching, and tend to keep boys at school till they were fit to leave it. I know from personal experience that nothing is so deplorable as to leave school only half-grounded, and to enter on a course of lax study, at an age when the strictness of the pedagogue cannot be dispensed with. Lastly, it would enable the teachers at Universities, whether College-tutors or Professors, to take their own ground, and not compel them to sink to the position of mere schoolmasters.

But, with regard to Oxford and Cambridge, it is said that a private examination does take place in every College before admission. This is true, except in the case of Gentleman-commoners, who are fortunately fast dying out at both Universities. But what are the effects of this private examination? Does it insure, what is so much to be desired, a uniform standard of education throughout the University? Certainly not. At some Colleges, which have a prestige, and are well filled, this examination is so severe, that men who have had their names down for admission for many years are rejected, and per-

haps forced to take refuge in a Hall. In others, which are empty, the matriculation is a mere farce, and the candidates are snatched up with little questioning. This in itself is unfair. If one College has the reputation of having better Tutors than another, it is only fair that everybody who has had a satisfactory previous education, and who has taken the precaution of having his name put down on its books sufficiently long to insure room for him, should profit by their instruction. Why should only the cleverest men receive the cleverest tuition? It is just the duller men who require the best instruction.

But the object of this private examination is soon discovered. The pride, nay, the sole ambition of an Oxford College is, to have the most men in the highest class of honours. For this, College-tutors would sacrifice body and soul of their students. They selfishly desire to shine in the University as a good, or perhaps the best College; and they care nothing about the development of the young minds committed to their charge, if only they can work them up to take the highest honours. Everything, in fact, is sacrificed to this honorary system. And when this grand position, a "Double-first," for instance, is attained, what is the gainer profited? Besides a little unction to his soul, a little fleeting glorification, nothing. He has wasted his energies—

his best years—his most valuable time—only that Balliol or Trinity might say, “We turned out the best man this year.” Honours are not even capital in the present day. They do not secure a Fellowship. Fellows are elected, it is true, among honour-men; but a second-class man, or even a third-class man, with good interest, has a better chance than a Double-first without it. There are, perhaps, on an average, three vacancies per annum among Oxford Fellowships. Two of these will be close boroughs, obtainable only by interest and birthright; and if the third be open, and the young man be not already too old to try for it, he will have all the honour-men of the year to fight against, and maybe the prejudices of the College Fellows into the bargain.

Then, in life, of what avail are high academic honours? Probably his whole mental energy has been wasted in their attainment. It is a common saying, that a senior Wrangler and a Double-first are fit for nothing:—

“For still the care remains to form his mind,
No College honours fit him for mankind.”

It is of no use to say that a Peel, a Gladstone, and so on, took these honours. They would have been Peel and Gladstone without them. They would have risen to the first place anywhere, and in any competition where mental application

and natural talent were required. For a dozen such as these, you have a hundred men of wasted powers. If they go into orders, they are pedants in a parish; if to the bar, briefless nonentities; if into the civil service, of what use are their high classical attainments, and utter ignorance of anything else? Too often they are content to take to "coaching" at Oxford, which shelves a man for life, or even to the less enviable position of teacher in a school at L.80 a-year. It is quite as possible to overtrain the mind as it is to overtrain the body; and, as a general rule, senior Wranglers and Double-firsts are examples of this, and proofs of the badness of the English system.

The failure of some of the best men in the most trifling things is an argument in favour of a public matriculation-examination. The late Sir Robert Peel, whose "great-go" I have heard described as the most splendid display of talent and genius, was plucked for his "little-go," and that in arithmetic. Now, if the University requires a knowledge of arithmetic or anything else of the kind for its examinations, no man should be admitted who has not already mastered so rudimentary a branch of knowledge. Yet no College would turn back a good classic, because he knew not the rule of three.

I shall now give Dr Newman's account of the opposition to a scheme for instituting a public

examination:—"One measure was attempted, nearly thirty years ago, by an eminent person, still alive, and well known in Dublin,* and was thwarted by parties who are long dead; so that it may be alluded to without pain to any one. There are, at Oxford, several societies, or houses, which have practically the rank and rights of Colleges, though they have not their legal *status*, or their property. Some of these, at that date, subsisted'—(and still do so)—'by faking members who either would not be received, or had been actually sent away, by the Colleges. The existence, then, of these societies mainly depended on the sufferance with the University of incompetent, idle, or riotous young men. As they had no endowments, they asked high terms for admission,† which of course they could not fail in obtaining from those who needed to be in some society or other, with a view to academical advantages, and who could not secure a place in any other body. Evidently nothing could have been so fatal to such establishments than any successful effort to purify the University of unworthy members. Now, in the gradual advance of reforms, it was attempted by the able person I speak of to introduce an examination of all members on their

* Archbishop Whately.

† Dr Newman is speaking of the Halls, and St Mary Hall must be here referred to. Besides the caution-money (L.30),

admission to matriculation. But the independence and interests of the Colleges and other houses were at once touched by such a proposition; and a rigorous opposition was set on foot, particularly by the Head of one society,* which abounded in Gownsmen of the unsatisfactory character I have been describing. Of course, he might as well have shut up his Hall at once, and taken lodgings in High Street, as consent to a measure which would have simply cut off the supply from which it was filled. The private interest prevailed over the public; and to this day, though separate Colleges properly insist on the fitting qualifications of those who are to be admitted to their lectures, the University itself is not allowed to exercise its reasonable right of examining its members before it matriculates them."

This is only another instance of the antagonism between Collegiate and University interests, and of the rottenness of the whole system

a fee of L.12 is demanded on entrance, and sunk in the fund which maintains the Principal and his establishment. One would not complain of this, if the expenses were kept within moderate bounds; but St Mary Hall and New Inn Hall (commonly called "The Tavern") are the most expensive hotels in Oxford.

* If St Mary Hall is here meant, it is only fair to state, that, under the late excellent Principal, Dr Bliss, it assumed a far more respectable and quieter character.

of College independence. The scheme being once opposed on these interested grounds, the Tutors' Association maintained the opposition, and advanced in their defence the most trivial objections. One of these was, that the time of College Tutors was already too much engrossed by various examinations, as if the same argument did not apply to the College test. Moreover, there are plenty of idle men among the Fellows who would be thankful for the office and pay of Matriculation-examiner. But the most absurd objection advanced was that of Dr Cotton, Provost of Worcester, who was afraid "that a public examination would wound the delicate feelings of men who had come up unprepared." This is amusing, as coming from one of a class who rarely spare the feelings of those submitted to their charge; who do not hesitate to tell you to your face that you are a liar, or no gentleman, when you may not retaliate, and who on mere suspicions will often blight a young man's prospects, and throw a whole family into anguish, by needlessly disgracing him.

It seems generally admitted that a judicious combination of tutorial and professorial instruction is the best means of educating youth at a University, and the English Universities make a boast of attaining this desired position, but without any truth. The professorial system is virtually

nil both at Oxford and Cambridge, at least for Undergraduates. A great number of public lectures at Oxford are open only to those who have taken their B.A. degree, and the others are almost entirely frequented by those who are compelled to bring certificates of attendance on two public lectures, before proceeding to their degree examination. This compulsion was established in consequence of the utter disregard of the Professors and their lectures in former days. In 1721, for instance, we are told* that only three Professors out of twenty ever had an audience. But even during the last year, so great is the objection to the professorial system—a resolution was passed to rescind this compulsory attendance to that on one course only.†

That this compulsion is, however, utterly useless, is proved by the style of attention yielded by the Undergraduates, who are not directed to any particular course, but allowed to attend what lectures they please. The Professor of History, for instance, is very popular; he lectures in the Sheldonian Theatre, and counts a number of ladies among his audience. As the deep windows of the theatre afford many comfortable nooks, some of the boys take novels with them; others go to “look at the girls.” Those who require

* “*Terræ Filius.*” London, 1721.

† This resolution has since been annulled.

certificates are requested to leave their cards on the table at the door, and it is no uncommon practice for a number of men to join in deceiving the worthy and unconscious lecturer. They take it in turns to attend, and the one whose turn it is collects the pasteboards of the rest, and quietly deposits them altogether on the table at the end of the lecture.

But that the professorial system is felt to be good in some cases, is proved by the fact that numbers of young men preparing for their final examination attend the lectures on history and natural science of their own free will, and reap no small benefit from them.

The arguments against a purely professorial education are these. In the first place, there are many subjects which cannot be taught in a class, however limited. Mathematics and logic are among these, and at Cambridge the mathematical classes of the College Tutors themselves are deserted for those of private Tutors, who take two, three, or four only at a time, and are familiarly termed "pairhorse-coaches," "four-in-hands," or "unicorns."

Again, the Professors, being men of eminence, and lecturers rather than teachers, are tempted to display their oratorical powers. Nor can you easily limit the number of the audience, so as to insure the formation of a class, and proper atten-

tion to each. Lastly, you have no good means of securing the regular attendance of the students.

It is clear, however, that these objections might be easily overruled, by making the Professors do their duty. These gentlemen content themselves with the very minimum of exertion. Some of them reside in London, and only run down to Oxford once or twice a-week, to deliver their written lecture and return. Very few pay any attention to the requirements of each several student, or make any attempt to divide them into classes, and compel their working. That this might be generally effected, however, the conscientious labours of one or two suffice to show.

The advantages of professorial teaching consist mainly in the character and knowledge of the Professor, and in the public scrutiny to which he is open. We need never fear to find the ignorance and little artifices of the Rev. Tommy Long in a gentleman holding a public chair in the University, while, however good College Tutors may be, it is clear that with regard to many subjects they cannot possess the information of a Professor, nor his power of handling them.

This is, in fact, the principal objection to a purely tutorial education. We cannot expect that College Tutors, under the present system, should possess that knowledge of law, history, the natural sciences, to say nothing of philosophy

—a study limited to Plato and Aristotle at Oxford—which a University should aim at imparting. It must be remembered, too, that the public lecture is carefully prepared—all the Professor's knowledge of his subject is brought to bear on it; and the impression made by his eloquence must of necessity be much greater than any a mere private lecturer can produce. Nor are they even fit to teach classics and mathematics in any but a very ordinary manner. The practice of Oxford proves it. If a student desires to take high honours, or if he is preparing for his final school in history or natural science, he invariably has recourse to a private Tutor—that is, if he can afford it.

The private Tutor of Oxford is a most eccentric animal, and when not so by nature, he makes a point of becoming so by habit. He is generally a man of considerable talent and abilities, who has done well in honours, but failed of a Fellowship. He stands midway between Dons and Undergraduates, and this doubtful position makes him bitter against the former. He delights in collecting little bits of gossip and scandal about those reverend fogies, and retailing them to his pupils; while, if he is a member of Convocation, he is always busy on the opposition side. On the other hand, he is intimate even to familiarity with the Undergraduates, and is always im-

mensely popular. On the whole, though imbued with the narrow-mindedness of Oxford, the "coach" is a very good fellow.

He receives his pupils familiarly : "How are you old boy?" and so on. He generally wastes ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in the tittle-tattle of the place, and then wanders about the room, while you are construing. He appears to pay you no attention, but he is preparing a lucid and brilliant explanation of the passage, which will burst upon you like a thunderbolt.

"Do you understand it now? Good; then let's have a pipe."

If you read with him in the evening, he generally moistens the dry Greek with a glass or two of hot grog, and chats away on anything but what he is paid for, for another ten minutes. Suddenly he reverts to the passage, and you go off again at a gallop; but before you have got half through your work, in rushes a pack of wild boys.

"Well, Jones, old boy, how have you done? Haul out the papers. You look pale; I hope you're not shaky. Here have some gin."

Jones and company circle round the fire, smoke, drink, and talk; and in the midst of this you may finish your work as you best can.

But the "coach," though he gives you little for your money, gives that little good; that is to

say, if he sees any latent talent about you. But, if you are a dullard, wo betide you. He sits down by you, and with his fist literally hammers everything into you through your shoulder. I have heard of a man who used to try and box knowledge in at your eyes and nose.

"Come, now," he would say, in a fury, "you must and shall know that by heart. They are sure to ask you that in the schools. Now, put on those gloves; no nonsense. Now, then, are you ready? *ἵνα τυφθῇς*, that thou mayest be struck—there you are, do you see—*τύπτῃ*, or *τύπτει* (keep your guard), thou art struck, idiot, *τὸν μυκτῆδα*, as to the nose, *τύπτῃ τύπτει*. There you are again and again. Oh! I see you're good for nothing. But you'll remember *τύπτῃ*, or *τύπτει* now, you dunce."

The teaching of the "coach" being intended only to "get his men through" the examinations, he takes the shortest and easiest cuts to knowledge. He is very fond of mnemonics and *memoria technica*. Present, for instance, a "four-in-hand"—Dullson, Thickhed, Block, and Stone, fast youths, "coaching" for "greats."

"Now, then, Dullson," begins the Rev. Billy Driver, the well-known "fast coach," "give me the seven churches."

Dullson looks down, wags his head slowly, and whistles low, to console himself.

"Confound you, Dullson, you'll be sure to go a mucker. Now, Block, you ought to know them."

Block begins rapidly, "Thessaly, Salamis, Ephesus ——."

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieks Driver, frantically. "Stone, you try."

Stone can only remember Philadelphia.

"Well, that's right for one; but now haven't I told you all over and over again that the seven churches are Pelt Puss. Can't you remember the cat? Oh! I wish she would scratch all your faces well, you'd remember then. Now, then, Pelt Puss; what's the P., Thickhed?"

"Philippi," says he at once, thinking rapidity better than correctness.

"No, no, no, Philippi ain't in Asia. Block?"

"Philadelphia."

"Of course. Now then, the E for Ephesus; L for Laodicea; T for Thyatira; the other P for Pergamos. Now, Dullson, what does the U stand for?"

This puzzler goes round to no purpose, the boys in vain trying to remember a name beginning with U. At last Block suggests Eunice, which raises a great laugh. "Eunice for U. Ha! ha! ha!"

"For my part," says Thickhed, "I never saw a Greek word beginning with U."

"O Lord! Yes, there's Ulysses and Uni-

corn," says Stone, with a look of self-congratulation.

"Unicorn, Greek!" mutters Mr Driver, rubbing his hands, rolling his eyes, and shaking his head like patience itself on an arm-chair. "Heigh-ho. Now, boys, what's the U? Come, sharp!"

"Oh, I know," cries little Block, suddenly. "It means united, the United Churches of Asia Minor, the whole boiling of them. Ain't that it?"

"Oh! worst of donkeys," groans Mr Driver; "what if it stands for a jackass? I'm sure that's very like *you*."

"Ha, ha, ha!" all round at Block.

"No, boys; *U* is put in to make up the mnemonic."

It must not be supposed that these low artifices are resorted to by the "coaches" who prepare men for honours. But the same reproach attaches to both classes; namely, that they have nothing but the examination in view. They do not undertake to educate or instruct in the ablest and best manner, as a private Tutor should do, but only in that manner which will be most available before the examiners. From a long attention to the subject, they know exactly the style of questions which will be put; nay, sometimes the very questions themselves, word for word.

They know to what points an examiner's attention is naturally called, and what pieces he will select. A curious instance of this prescience occurred many years since at Cambridge. A dull youth, who had little chance of even senior optime honours, happened to ask his "coach" one evening, if there were anything which it would be wise to get up for the next day's examination. "Well," replied the honour-maker, after a little reflection, "they have not set Fourier's theorem for some years"—"Fourier's theorem? Why, it is in twelve close pages, and I don't even understand it."—"No reason to understand it," urged the accommodating coach. "Just learn the first three and last three pages by heart, and, when written, pin them together. The examiner will never take the trouble to read it through." The young man took this advice. Fourier's theorem *was* set, and the lucky youth came out among the Wranglers!

To the questions and pieces which they know will be set, "coaches" limit their teaching, and in this manner are guilty of assisting in a gross imposture; for examinations are intended to be a test of the *whole* knowledge of certain subjects, although, of course, it is impossible to examine in more than a part of it. They are intended, again, to be a test of study,—genuine, honest, continuous study,—not of cramming, nor of just

so much study as may enable the student to pass. If, then, you come up with the appearance of having studied, when you have only crammed, or proffer a whole subject for examination when you have only studied parts of it, knowing that they would be selected, you cheat the examiners and the University, which gives you a degree on the supposition that you know the whole, and honours on the presumption that you have really studied and not crammed; and the "coach" who aids you in this deception is, in plain speech, dishonest.

Again, the fast and popular "coach" encourages idleness and ignorance. When a man knows that "old Billy Driver will shove him through his Aristotle in a fortnight, like old beans," of course he will never undertake to read until the latest day. You will say that there are some men so thick-headed, or so obfuscated by drinking, and hunting, and Oxford brutalizing, that they would never get through without your aid. But then they never *ought* to get through. The University is not a degree-turning lathe, nor an honour-coining mill. Its degrees and its honours are certificates of knowledge and ability, not of cramming and forcing. And the result of "coaching" is deplorable. The examination once passed, the whole of the forced knowledge disappears as rapidly as it was acquired, and the degree thus

imposes on the public. If a man is so thick and so ignorant that he cannot pass by regular and honest study, it is morally wrong that he should be forced through by a process which amounts to little more than cheating the examiners.

We cannot wonder, then, that College Tutors look askance at regular "coaches." But it is often their own fault that they are resorted to. Yet such is the degradation of Oxford, that the "coach" has at last become a recognised adjunct, and there was actually a discussion very lately in the Convocation, as to whether "coaches" should be allowed to examine their own pupils in the schools.

Whatever may be said in extenuation of the system of "coaching," no one can pretend that it does not war against the first object of a University—namely, to train the mind. But, on the other hand, its increase of late years is perhaps the fault of the University itself. The public examinations have, since 1850, been increased to that extent, without any extension of the period allotted to study, that it is difficult for a man of second-rate abilities to pass them without some forcing.

The first of these is responsions, or "little-go," better known now-a-days as "smalls," from its dog-Latin epithet, *In Parviso*. The student is called upon to pass this before his seventh term; that is, in his first year. Its primary ob-

ject is "to ascertain that the principles of Latin and Greek are well understood;" an object which would be earlier gained if a public matriculation-examination were instituted.

The student is required to construe passages from one Greek and one Latin author, and to translate from English into Latin. He is examined in arithmetic up to the extraction of the square root; and if he passes, will not be troubled with any more ciphering for the rest of his academic career, unless he chooses to employ his spare time in adding up the eccentric figures in his weekly battel-bills. He has the option of being examined in the first two books of Euclid or the rudiments of algebra as far as simple equations; and if his taste is not mathematical, he may discard these branches of knowledge for ever and a day from that time. This is all on paper, but some days later he must appear in white choker and with a still whiter face, and go through the terrible ordeal of *viva voce*, an examination which is as unfair to the examiner in many cases, as it is to the examinee in all, and which is never anything but a most miserable exhibition of real or assumed nervousness.

Experience has shown that the books usually offered are Homer, Xenophon, Thucydides or the Dramatists, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, or Cicero; and it is clear that a boy of seventeen, who is fit

for the University at all, will have read most, if not all, of these authors. A public matriculation would render "smalls" utterly useless. Again, how absurd, to require an acquaintance with studies which are afterwards to be utterly disregarded. As an introduction to mathematics—arithmetic, Euclid, and algebra, are very good training studies; but it is of no use to begin training with an exercise which will not be carried on, and it may be said that it only teases the young student, and interferes with the one subject to which all his attention should be given.

The next compulsory examination is called "moderations;" and the youthful wits account for the name by the fact that no moderation is shown them in it. Here the classical portion of "smalls" is repeated, with the variety only of a change of authors, and a more grammatical investigation of them; the object being to prove that, after two years of boating, cricketing, and other youthful frolics, the aspirant has not forgotten the canings of Doctor Syntax. He again writes a piece of Latin prose, and answers a number of grammatical questions, which "any schoolboy," as the penny-a-liners say, would grin at; and although the examination is certainly more scholarly than "smalls," the progress in classics which the student is supposed to have made in the six terms which usually separate the

two examinations is so very meagre, that we should wonder why there were two examinations at all, if it were not for the introduction of Biblical history in the second one. But even this is confined to a knowledge of the Four Gospels in the original Greek, and their story; and as this is repeated in the "great-go," we cannot possibly see the advantage of making two previous examinations necessary. Here, too, the youth of Archimedean predilections has but a very mild opportunity for indulging them, unless he has devoted sufficient time to mathematics to go in for honours. Only ONE more book of Euclid is required of him with the first part of algebra, and this is the whole work which he is supposed to have done during six terms. Lastly, those who dislike geometry can offer to be tested in their knowledge of logic.

Now, it is said, in extenuation of this system, that "moderations" is meant to test the student's critical and grammatical knowledge of the classics, while the "great-go" proves his comprehension of their contents with regard to philosophy and history; and this distinction would be just enough. But why then retain the "little-go," which has no distinct object? Before 1850 this examination held exactly the place that "moderations" now does, with the exception that logic was kept for "greats." What advan-

tage has accrued from making two examinations of it, which differ from one another so very slightly? The Oxonian will reply, that it keeps the student at work; and that is true. But this kind of work is wasted and useless. Between the "little-go" and "mods" he learns nothing new, makes but minimum progress in his old subjects, merely substitutes a speech of Demosthenes for a play of Sophocles, and six books of Virgil for the odes of Horace, and takes a whole year to learn another book of Euclid, or rub up Aldrich's logic. Why should all this valuable time be wasted on such trivialities; why, if a study is wanted to keep the dear boys out of mischief, can you not give them something more useful, more desirable to know? It reminds us of school-impositions, when we were set to learn an index of twenty or thirty pages, or a long list of advertisements. How far better would all this time be spent in acquiring what the Oxonian of the highest standing almost always ignores—the language and literature of his own or any other modern country; or, if you must still grovel among the ancients, you will find Hebrew, Arabic, or Sanskrit, every whit as good mental training as Greek and Latin, and with a literature which, if inferior in extent, is not so in interest.

In the "great-go," one philosophical (gene-

rally the Ethics of Aristotle) and one historical book (commonly Livy's Second Decade) are the subjects of examination. The dabbling in little bits of Euclid, or a duodecimal quantum of Aldrich, is at last abandoned, and the student who has passed "moderations" might be free to think deeply upon the new truths that are opened up up to him in his philosophy, if it were not for the encumbrance of the divinity, as it is called, though really nothing but a memorial examination in the whole of Biblical history.

Here, at last, however, we have something really sensible. We might perhaps sigh for authors of more recent date and fresher thinking than the old tutor of Alexander. We might even be very bold, and fancy that some parts of the Nicomachean Ethics (which is the book most studied now) are unworthy of the consideration of a young man in the age we live in. But we are so delighted, after our two years of classical twaddle and grammatical school-work, to come upon a study worthy of a man, and one that really develops the mind, that we are content to put up with a few deficiencies in it. That this study, however, is worth more than all the others at the University put together, for the purpose of mental training (for logic, as studied at Oxford for examination, is not carried sufficiently far to make it valuable), is proved by the difference

which is apparent between the man of two years' standing and his junior. The moment he has gone through his four books of Ethics he is a superior man, and holds his head up accordingly. He is in fact seized with a fever of philosophy. He is constantly applying Aristotle's dicta to the commonest wants of everyday life; he warns his friends to "*seek the mean*" in their potations, and defends his own little slips by nice arguments as to the distinction of involuntary and non-voluntary; he rushes off to the "Union," and for the first time speaks in the noisy debates with confidence and common sense. In short, his mind has acquired strength; and the young man, no longer a mere plodding boy, flaps his new-fledged wings on every twig.

Why, then, should not the young man begin his philosophy much earlier in his University career? If it be dangerous for a *young* man to study philosophy, it is dangerous for him after "moderations" just as much as before them. Again, why not extend the study of philosophy? It is absurd to take a young man through the first four books of the Ethics, or the Gorgias, or Phædo, and deny him an opportunity of sounding the well to the very bottom. There is a separate examination in history afterwards; and there can be no benefit in encumbering a man with only four books of Livy, Thucydides, or

Tacitus. It is undoubtedly very useful to read and appreciate those great fathers of history, the models of Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire; but it is the mixture of this with philosophy—the marring of two good things—which I complain of.

So far, it will be understood, the studies of the University of Oxford are confined to mental training, and by the time the student has passed his "great-go" he has generally been nearly four years at College, and hurries over the remaining examination in the most slovenly and useless manner. Indeed, it seems to be a rule with Undergraduates to pass both "greats" and the "final examination" in the same term, thus either mixing the two classes of subjects, or allowing only one month for the final school. For this "final" he has a choice among three subjects, namely,—1. History and law; 2. Natural science; 3. Algebra. The amount of history is equivalent to about a third part of the whole history of England; the quantity of law to one volume of Blackstone, or Justinian, with Smith on Contracts. Now these two alone are sufficient to employ a thinking man, and one who really desires to understand anything of the philosophy of law and history, for the better part of a year; but, by means of "cribs," *memoria technica*, analyses, and other such villanous devices, the subject is usually "got

up" in a month or six weeks, and, of course, forgotten the moment the examiners have signed your testamur. What absurdity is this! and yet the blame lies with the system, not so much with the men.

Again, natural science comprises, for the *minimum*, chemistry, physiology, and mechanical science. Is it reasonable that a man should acquire a useful knowledge of these in a month, or even in a term? And yet, by the too great weight given to the mere *training* of the mind, all these useful branches of education, which certainly themselves train the mind in their very study, while they stock it with instruments of power, are thrown forward to the very end of the University career, when the youth is thoroughly worn out by successive examinations, mulcted beyond bearing in pocket, and disgusted by the pedagogic rigidity, the ignorance, the superciliousness, the heartlessness, and the consummate conceit of Oxford Dons, for whom he is growing too old.

My first charge against the system of which I have just sketched the outline is, that the mental training is pursued too far, and the scientific or professional teaching forced into a very small compass, and invariably hurried over.

My second charge is, that, even if mental training alone were the object of the University,

it departs from the first rule of such training,—namely, that it should be single. Oxford has chosen classics as its medium for training the mind. To classics let her be faithful, or, if she must needs introduce mathematics and logic, let her at least keep them independent of one another, and not compel men to acquire a mere smattering of each. In the “little-go” there is a smattering of mathematics compulsory for all, and then discarded. In “moderations” there is a smattering of logic, never followed up. In “greats” there is a smattering of philosophy, marred and interfered with by a like smattering of history. Oxonians have prided themselves on resisting general knowledge, and adhering to classics. We see, on nearer investigation, what these pretensions amount to. We see that the study of classics is interfered with in every stage by the most needless introduction of smatterings. Again, I repeat, *πολυμαθίη τὸν νόον οὐ πρέφει*. Every Oxonian can translate that—even Mr Driver’s hie-over pupils—let every Oxonian cherish it in his heart; and if he cares to improve his mind by a University education, and not merely to cheat the establishment out of a degree, let him make it his watchword, till he has forced the University to make it theirs.

To do Oxford justice, she has already discovered the rottenness of this system, and proposals

are made for remodelling it. Her sense of its absurdity has been chiefly roused by the increase of the "plucks"* since 1850, to such an extent, that to fail is no longer a disgrace, but a very ordinary accident. The increased favour shown to the system of "coaching" has an equal claim to her attention.

In offering the following suggestions for examinations to replace the present ones, I merely desire to tender to the reader the result of some experience and no little reflection. I cannot pretend that such a scheme would be the best for any University to adopt. It has been framed with a view to Oxford only, and is of such a character, that it might be grafted on the present system without difficulty, and would demand no violent radical changes. It is drawn up on the supposition that Oxford is content to abide

* This term, now so common, has its origin in an old University custom. Long before the introduction of examinations for degrees, no Undergraduate was allowed to put on his gown, if any one had anything to say to his discredit. The tradesmen to whom he was in debt were the chief opponents, and to give them an opportunity of being heard, it was ordered that each Proctor should, before the admission to the degree, walk up and down the Convocation-house after the calling of each name, that the complaints might *pluck* his gown, and so call attention to their petitions. The *pluck* is now effected by the examiners, but conservative Oxford, as usual, retains the lifeless custom, and wears out its Proctors' legs in a ridiculous ceremony.

by classics, and leave mathematics to Cambridge.

I have already shown reason for the establishment of a matriculation examination before the University. Its details must, of course, depend on the scheme of education to be adopted. One thing is clear, that a University has no right to demand, before admission, a knowledge of any branch of study which is not more or less ancillary to those for which her degrees will be given.

The next examination would be within the seventh term, and would thus generally fall at the end of a man's first year at College. Its object should be to show that the mental training with which the youth arrived from school, has been carried on to a proper extent. Its subject should be classics alone; or, if Oxford must teach mathematics, they should have a separate school, and not be made compulsory on the classical respondents. By whatever name this examination might go, it should at least be public. There should indeed be no private examinations at all at Oxford. The examiners should be laid more and more open to criticism, since every year they seem to grow more and more arbitrary in their conduct. Responsions is not a public examination at Oxford, and some years ago, a lady induced one of the examiners, whether by threats or persuasion, to allow a

young man in whom she was interested to pass this examination, though totally unqualified to do so. The power of doing this should not be left open. The books required to be read should be four, comprising an orator, a poet, a dramatist, and a historian. One man, for instance, might take up for Greek, Demosthenes (orator) and Æschylus (dramatist); for Latin, Lucretius (poet) and Tacitus (historian). Another might take for Greek, Herodotus (historian) and Pindar (poet); for Latin, Cicero (orator) and Terence (dramatist). By this means, every age and style of Greek and Latin literature would have been studied by the candidate. If these books seem somewhat hard, it must be remembered that under this scheme the whole and sole attention would be given to classics, and that Euclid and arithmetic, which are now such stumbling-blocks for many a good classic, would not be there to interfere. These authors should be read solely with a view to their style, language, and idiom, and no examination should take place in the subject-matter of the historians and orators. A grammatical paper should be set, and comparative philology encouraged as much as possible. There should be no Divinity examination here, that having been got over at matriculation; and no honours should be accorded. Latin, and perhaps even Greek, composition required.

By this examination, mental training would be organised, and reduced to a simple progressive form. The public matriculation would be a guarantee for the capability of all men to pass this test within seven terms—*i. e.*, more than a year's steady classical reading. It would now be good to carry the mental training a step further. In the study of classics, the rudiments of the science of man are taught. The next step is evidently the study of *moral philosophy*. This should comprise both ancient and modern philosophy. In the study of the ancient, the classical knowledge would be turned to account, but the examination should be conducted in English only, leaving it to the Colleges to see that the philosophy was read in the originals. One ancient and one modern author, illustrative of one another, would suffice for a pass; and the answers should be given in the form of short and long essays, the composition of which is in itself a most valuable mode of mental training. At present many a Bachelor of Arts cannot put three English sentences decently together, though he can write pages of Latin; yet every profession, and, most of all, the profession of a country gentleman, demands this power. Honours should be awarded in this examination, and for these it might be well to make logic necessary. I should propose to confer at this stage a primary degree, to be

called the Baccalaureate of Philosophy, and its holders Ph. B., or Bachelors of Philosophy. It is clear that a Baccalaureate is properly an honorary degree, and therefore inferior to a Licentiate.

It might perhaps be advisable to open a collateral school to confer the degree of Bachelor of Letters—L. B. Certainly the science of man is studied well in his history and literature, though these afford a less developing training for the mind. In this case, English history (without law) and literature would suffice for a pass, and French and German literature, and European history, be requisite, in addition, for honours. This would turn to some account the present Professorships of French and German, and encourage the collateral study of these languages in schools. At any rate, these subjects must be kept distinct. Mental training must have *one* channel only. The twelfth term, or end of the second year, would be the latest limit for taking the degrees of Ph. B. and L. B.

The third year, and, if necessary, a fourth also, would be devoted to professional studies, and the degree to be attained would be a Licentiate. Before entering on these, it would be imperative for every man to choose his career, a choice now made early in life, and at any rate immediately after the taking of a degree. There would be no

necessity to institute faculties at Oxford, as the delegates of studies would decide the routine of each, and the College Tutors guide the young man in his choice of lectures; and their time being left freer, they might pay more attention to the classical and philosophical studies of the Undergraduates. The schools would be as follows:—

1. Theology—comprising Biblical History and Research; the LXX. and Greek Testament, critically considered; Ecclesiastical History of the first three centuries; English Church History; the Creed and the Articles, with their expositions. This would leave to the special theological schools the instruction in the Liturgies, in sermon-writing, in religious teaching, and parochial duties, besides higher theological reading.

2. The school of Natural Science would be much what it is now.

3. The school of Law would require much extension, and a choice between the studies of the Philosophy of Law, Roman Law, International Law, and even Oriental Law (if India is to retain her codes).

4. A school of Physical Science.

5. A school of Letters, comprising High Classics, and English and Foreign Literature and Languages, or perhaps History, and its attendant studies.

These schools would give the Degrees of Licentiate of Theology (Th.L.), Licentiate of Science (S.L.), Licentiate of Law (Ll.L.), Licentiate of Physics (Ph.L), and Licentiate of Letters (L.L.).

These letters may look queer at first; but it seems to me a matter of small import whether a man have X.Y.Z. or L.M.N. after his name, or the present B.A. and M.A.

The Licentiates would then file off as follows:—Th.L. would seek a bishop's palace, or a Theological College, as Wells, Lichfield, Durham, Cuddesdon, &c.; S.L. would hurry to the hospitals; Ll.L. to the inns of court; Ph.L. to the railways, insurance offices, and *id genus omne*; and lastly, L.L. would be admissible to the Government service at once, would shine in his county, or make a very respectable living as Tutor. Of course there are few men who would care to go through two of these courses; but the country gentleman's education would be completed by passing L.L. first, and Ll.L. afterwards; and, of course, the more L.'s he accumulated the better he would be.

Seriously, however, whatever the details, there are sundry advantages in such a scheme as I have here roughly sketched, which are worthy of notice.

1. As applied to Oxford, it would not necessari-

tate any increase in the number of Professors. If any one will take the trouble to look through an Oxford calendar, he will find that the liberality of founders has left us, at least, a couple of Professors for each Faculty, and in some four or five. It would only bring these gentlemen into the active service for which their benefactors undoubtedly destined them. Again, as to the Tutors, slight and easy changes might be effected in the course of time, which would give to each College a certain number of professional Fellows. On this point I shall enlarge in another paper.

2. It would offer a continuous and undeviating line of study for those who desired it. The first year would be devoted to classics; the second to philosophy, partly from classical authors; a third to high classics and general literature.

3. It would offer a sound grounding for all professions; so that no man would be forced to begin the practical part of his calling before he was well read in its theoretical portion.

4. It would give a steadily progressing mental training, worthy of men, whereas the present is fit for boys alone.

5. It would give degrees which are not mere honours, but certificates of valuable and available proficiency.

6. In reducing the number of examinations, it would do away with the necessity for "coaching."

7. It would economise time, by enabling a man to obtain his diploma from the special professional schools more rapidly.

8. It would bring thousands to the University, and raise Oxford to what it should be, England's chief seat of learning.

9. The degree of Ph.D., obtained in the second year, would enable the student to migrate to any other University which offered better professional teaching, after he had sucked the classical yolk at Oxford.

I must not quit this subject without a few words on the place that religion holds, and should hold, in the education of this University. At present there is *no* religious instruction at Oxford. Occasionally, it is true, there is formed an Article class, or a Greek Testament lecture for men in their third or fourth year. But there is no *teaching* in these classes, only a preparation for the "great go." The Articles are repeated, and a string of texts, somewhat arbitrarily taken to decide their knotty points off-hand, are learnt by heart, but the Tutors do not—probable cannot—attempt to smooth out the doubts that these Articles must suggest to any thinking mind. At present an ordinary B.A. of Oxford is as ignorant of the doctrines of his Church, and the bases on which they have been founded, as any other person who reads through the Thirty-nine Articles

in his Prayer-Book. Again, the criticism of the original text, so essential to ministers of the Church, is utterly disregarded.

Oxford, as we have said before, is neither one thing nor the other. She is not a religious seminary, nor a general University. She pretends to give a general education, but limits herself to mental training, mixing with it that which has nothing to do with training the mind, divinity. In her examinations she demands a knowledge by heart of the Thirty-nine Articles and their appendent texts. She does not even ask you to understand the Articles, only to say them like a parrot; next she asks, what most schoolboys possess, the power of construing the Greek text of the Gospels and Acts—no more—into the English of our received version; she examines you in the history of these books, and requires you to understand the parables, and to know which was the first miracle; lastly, she demands a minute acquaintance with the *facts* in the Old Testament. In my own examination I was asked which of the minor prophets had the most chapters, and not remembering this—which had the fewest. I was asked what relationship there was between David, Joab, and Asahel, and whether Zeruiah was a man or a woman. In fact, the Old Testament is generally treated more like a peerage than a history; and I have even

heard of a jocose examiner putting to a very certain "pluck," whom he was engaged in tormenting, that very obsolete enigma—"Who was the father of Zebedee's children." Not but what these questions are seldom answered rightly. It is an old Cambridge story, that a dozen men being left alone at a College examination, tried to remember the names of the twelve apostles, which was one of the questions. As they could only muster three, they agreed that each man should write one name on a slip of paper. These were then collected, and all showed the same name—that of Peter—except one slip, on which was Paul! They evidently wanted one of the Rev. Guillelmus Driver's mnemonics.

Now, as to Biblical history, an examination in it can only be requisite for one of two purposes—to induce a study of the history of the Old Testament, for the sake of its utility in theological study; or to prove that you read your Bible. But the Bible may be well and ill read. If it is read only to know that there is only one chapter in Obadiah, that Asahel was Joab's brother, or that Huz and Buz (whom a modest curate of my acquaintance thinks it respectful in the reading-desk to call Hughes and Bews) were the grandsons of this man or that—I'm sure *I* don't know—you do not, in my humble opinion, read the Bible aright; and the eccentric young lady in

Jonson's "Alchemist," who was mad on the subject of scriptural genealogies, is the most fit person to have B.A. put after her name. But the examiners, by putting questions of this trivial description, encourage such a reading of the Bible as this; or rather, perhaps, do not encourage its reading at all, but only the learning by heart of a series of mnemonics, or at best, the "getting-up" of a Scripture analysis.

But Biblical history ought to be taught at school; and it is in the power of Oxford to compel schools to teach it, by making it an element of the public matriculation examination which she ought to have. If to this were added an acquaintance with the Greek of the Gospels and Acts, Oxford might rest assured that her degree would not have to be given to persons ignorant of the rudiments of the Christian religion, while she would cease to impose a "cramming" of so-called Divinity on men not destined for the service of the Church; while, if she separated the theologians from the rest in their third year, they would secure a fitting preparation for holy orders, and remove from our Church the constant well-grounded charge of theological ignorance in its ministers. This charge is continually brought against us, and with good reason. There is no instruction in theology at Oxford. Bishops

require, it is true, that candidates for orders should bring certificates of having attended the lectures of the Regius Professor of Divinity, and one other theological lecturer; but those who have attended them know what was their real value. The Regius Professor hurriedly mounts the pulpit in the small side-chapel of the cathedral, and reads a list of some four or five hundred works, which he recommends you, somewhat ironically, to study. The Margaret Professor, who is generally the other one attended, reads a series of terribly soporific discourses on the Creed, which add little or nothing to what Pearson has written. These lectures are commonly attended when the young aspirant is reading for "finals," and his time and mind totally engrossed by history, chemistry, or algebra; and even if he can give his whole attention to theology, it is only for a fortnight or three weeks, after which the lecturers commonly begin the same course over again.

This, and the preparation for the divinity examination at "greats," is all the religious instruction given at Oxford. That divinity examination is an absurdity, and would seem to be only useful for supplying the Rev. W. Driver and his kind with private pupils, to learn nonsensical words irreverently compounded of Scriptural names, or to afford merriment for the

dreary Common-room "wines," where the Don can raise a laugh by retailing some ridiculous mistake made in the schools. That examination is again unfair to those who are going into ordinary professions; while it is absurd to expect Dissenters, to whom Oxford has opened her gates, to learn by heart the Articles of the Church.

Nine young men out of ten go direct to a Bishop for ordination, without any more oral instruction in theology than what we have spoken of. One in twenty perhaps goes to a theological College, where he will be well taught; one in thirty goes to read with a clergyman. Now, if the ministers of our Church are to know as much about Church-history, theology in general, and our own doctrines in particular, as Dissenters, Unitarians, and Romanists already do know about them—if we are no longer to be put to the blush by men not even belonging to us, but knowing more about us than we do about ourselves—Oxford, who sends the most reapers unto the harvest, must undertake their instruction, their training, and their discipline; and if this is to be done, we must have a separate theological school, such as I have proposed, conferring a theological degree. But until this is done, it is in the power of examiners to improve what little religious instruction there may be at Oxford, by

putting questions worthy of men and not of mere schoolboys.

But whatever be said of Oxonian examinations, one sad fact must not be here passed over.

Oxford no longer owns the sway of knowledge. Port and examinations have taken the sceptre from her hand. Let us walk round the libraries, and see the desolation.

The Bodleian is second only to the British Museum. Indeed, Oxford can boast, thanks to her Romish benefactors, more volumes and rarer MSS. than any University town in Europe, perhaps in the world. But so coldly does she view these unsaleable treasures, that at that same Bodleian, the Rawlinson MSS., a most valuable and extensive collection, have for more than a hundred years been lying useless and unapproachable, for want of an available catalogue. Again, Undergraduates may not use this University library, except by express permission and introduction; and among a dozen of quiet readers whom you see there in their boxes, you will not find more than three or four Gownsmen of any grade.

The Radcliffe possesses an enormous collection of printed books, not only on medical, but also on general subjects, and not a few MSS. The permission to use these is open to all Under-

graduates. You have only to go in and call for your book. I had occasion to read, in this library, not long since, for about three months, and during that time the curator, the librarian, and myself, were the only people who ever turned a leaf beneath its dome. Visitors came in shoals. Staring Freshmen came to look about and go out again, but never a reader.

The Colleges all possess curious, valuable, and often extensive libraries; yet, with a true dog-in-the-manger spirit, the Dons close them against the Undergraduates, and never enter them themselves. It is sad to go into the old dark library at Merton, for instance, where the books are still chained to their places—a proof that students once came here to read—and find the worm, the moth, the spider, and the damp devouring the food which minds might live by.

But what can you expect, where all is so narrow? Books are hated, if they be not of that school. Oxford suppressed even Anthony à Wood, her own chronicler, and Hearne's Camden's Elizabeth; and an Oxford College very nearly dismissed Adam Smith for reading Hume's "Essay on Human Nature." Yet it was not always so.

Of old walked knowledge in these quiet cloisters, and unveiled her face beneath these mouldering arches. Now the reeling step and horrid

mirth of the drunkard profanes her shrines.
Laus Deo is sung no more, but only

“Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus,
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.”

UNIVERSITY CONSTITUTIONS.

PART IV.

UNIVERSITY CONSTITUTIONS.

Sarvadravyeshu vidyaiva, dravyam áhur anuttamam ;
 Aháryatwád anarghyatwád akshayatwách cha sarvadá.

Of all possessions knowledge is the best, they say,
 For it cannot be bought, destroyed, nor stol'n away.

HITOPADESA.



TO do man justice, he has not spurned the fruit for which he fell. Whether from a pure love of the truth, or for the sake of the power she gives, knowledge has in most nations and ages been courted and well throned. And yet not all knowledge, but only some branches, have been honourably accepted by various races. "To tell the truth and draw the bow," was education enough for a strong, wild barbarous horde. The gentlemanly philosopher of Athens could theorize on political enigmata, but left it to the despised slave, who was but a chattel in his model republic, to teach his sons the firm, strong plinths

of learning. Nay, Roman citizens could hoot even at Cicero for a scholar and a Grecian ; and forsooth it seems to be the rule of all ages, that while one-half the world honours, the other should point the finger at learning. Knowledge is a valuable commodity ; yet, strange anomaly, to dispose of it—though while you sell it, you keep it, and even increase it—is degrading. The governess and tutor of to-day ranks just above the butler and lady's-maid, but no higher. The public schools of Rome were kept by slaves ; and it is amusing to find Horace congratulating himself on his private tutorage, and thanking his father that he had not sent him to Flavius' academy, where he would have mixed with the sturdy sons of sturdy centurions, with satchel and tablet swinging from the left arm, paying their fees once a month, a week before the Ides.

It was not so much the profession of learning, as the sharing it for money, which the ancient world looked down upon. The sneer which attached to the Sophists had been anticipated in India, where it was an irreparable disgrace to teach for remuneration ; though the Brahmins, who alone gave gratuitous instruction, never declined, but rather expected, a cow, sheep, or goat, at the end of term, by way, of course, of a gift. Nor even in the middle ages was knowledge regarded as a vendible commodity. The monks

professed to teach for nothing. Doctors lectured to free audiences at the Sorbonne, and liberal benefactors left rich lands in England to support Fellows who should instruct gratuitously, and who now take large sums for their teaching. But if it be a peculiar feature of this mercantile age, that knowledge is bought and sold freely and honourably, it is peculiar to Christianity to surround her with a court, with ministers and satellites, and enthrone her amid all the paraphernalia of a State establishment. There were, indeed, Universities at Athens, Alexandria, and elsewhere. Paid or unpaid philosophers disputed beneath groves and porticos, or lectured in spacious aulæ. In the holy cities of the Ganges wise men, associated only by caste and a common object, muttered to worshipping disciples the pedantic sophistries of Hindu science, and Brahmanic superstition. But only in China, which in all things is to Europe what the monkey is to man, do we find Universities, like our own, organized, established, supported by government.

These institutions have grown up with the necessities of Christian civilization. In all the countries of Europe they had their origin in the desire to extend theological knowledge. A few learned monks lectured to eager listeners; not seeking to breed statesmen or philosophers, nor popularity for a sect or school, but simply to

teach. They had no disciples, no pupils—only an audience ; and since letters and civilization had to revive, not to originate, it was learning, rather than genius, for which these monastic lecturers demanded the simple diploma of popularity.

That these early gatherings should have grown in time to associations and corporations, and have received the direct patronage of their several governments, results partly from their religious character, and the strong connection throughout Europe of Church and State, partly from that tendency to amalgamate in distinct guilds and societies, which is the peculiar characteristic of that Teutonic race whose spirit in the middle ages pervaded the whole civilized world from London to Jerusalem.

I cannot give a better instance of the growth of Universities, from little knots of students to large corporate bodies, than by tracing that of the boastful *Alma Mater* on the bank of the Isis.

Now, it matters little here whether the Druids did or did not teach near this spot the crude mysteries under which they figured a god pervading nature, and nature revealing God. In the absence of any Druidical remains, arguments are brought to show that Oxford was and was not a likely place for the wearers of the white robe and oak-wreath to initiate their disciples at. It lies in a marshy valley, watered and continually over-

flowed by the principal river of the kingdom. But this proves nothing either way. I have seen menhirs and dolmens on every possible site—on river-banks and high dry land, on the sea-shore and far, far inland, on low marshes and rocky heights; and if some parts of France and England are utterly devoid of these remains, while others are crowded by them, it would only appear that the arts by which these huge stones of worship were erected, were first employed at a time when the Celts had already been driven back by the advancing Teutons.

The Newdegate prizeman who dwells with rapture on the glory of his *Alma Mater*, may think it of no slight importance to prove that Saxon Alfred, with prophetic wisdom, chose this site for the head school of England; and there can be no doubt that whoever did select it, made an admirable choice. But we can scarcely suppose that this was designed. Alfred could not have foreseen the light race-boat, the broad cricket-ground, and the six packs of hounds that meet within distance. Oxford has at all times, until the present century, been an important town, independent of its University. It occupies a very central position; it was the convenient crossing-place of that river which once divided northern from southern England; and the very spot where many a venturesome Freshman

hires a dingy for the first time, might have been that easy ford over which the graziers from the rich pastures above drove their herds to southern markets.

But enough of this. One thing seems certain, that a school of learning was here long before William of Durham founded University College in 1249. We know, for instance, that before the commencement of the fourteenth century there were as many as 300 Halls, while, as yet, there were only three Colleges. These Halls were nothing more nor less than hostels, and some of them retained the unassuming name of inns even to the days of Mr Froude's hero, when Wolsey pulled down one of the last—Peckwater Inn—to make way for Christ-church. The annals of Cambridge afford similar proof of the character of these establishments, which were never anything more than private speculations, without foundations, and probably dependent for patronage on the popularity of some *doctissimus*, who was induced by the innkeeper to take up his residence beneath his roof. The Cambridge Halls have long since lost this character, but those of Oxford are still quite distinct from the Colleges. They are not societies or corporations; they can hold no property, and what they make use of, even to the spoons and forks on their dinner-tables, is held in trust for them by "the Vice-

Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars." They are governed by a distinct set of regulations, called the Aularian Statutes; the Chancellor himself is their visitor, and appoints their Principals. Indeed, a curious custom in connection with these appointments is still kept up, to prove the subserviency of the Principals of Halls to the University. After the newly-appointed Head has been sworn in, in the dining-hall, kneeling submissively before the Vice-Chancellor, who lays the book upon his head, and when the votes of all the members of the Hall have, for form's sake, been collected, the Principal is led out by the Vice-Chancellor to the door of the residence. The latter enters alone and shuts the door, which the former, however aged and respectable a gentleman, proceeds incontinently to kick with all his force three times, as a demand for admittance, whereupon the Vice-Chancellor asks who is there, and what he wants, and receiving the formal answer, admits him to the house he is henceforward to inhabit.

The number of these inns rapidly decreased. The fattening Colleges swallowed them up one after another. Covetousness led men to seek establishments where they had a chance of a comfortable scholarship, followed by an ample Fellowship, and Common-room canary. When James I. founded Pembroke, the eighteenth

College, the Halls had dwindled down to seven. There are now but five, and these make but a sorry show. Skimmery and the Tavern have long been little more than sanctuaries to which the victim of collegiate harshness might fly for peace and comfort. At St Alban Hall there was only one Undergraduate a few years ago, magnificent in his solitude; and if Magdalen Hall is as well filled as a College, it is partly because it offers scholarships, and partly because it admits married men.

The Colleges have a very different origin. There seems little doubt that they were originally monastic bodies. We know this for certain in some cases. Gloucester, now Worcester College, belonged to Benedictines; St Alban Hall was kept by some nuns whose convent was at Littlemore. Trinity was Durham College in the days of Richard II., and the Bishop and Priors of Durham sent hither a posse of monks with well-filled pockets, and orders to maintain as many pupils as they could, entirely free of charge. These pupils, of course, were to come from their own neighbourhood; and in this we see the true origin of the Colleges. For before the foundation of University College, when the students lived each at his own cost, at his own inn, subject to few restrictions, if any, the Doctors, holding a place analogous to modern Professors, may, and

in all probability did, lecture and dispute free of all charge. Whether they drew incomes from the Crown, or were supported, as is more likely, by the several innkeepers or Heads of Halls, is of little matter. The popularity they derived in days when learning lay hid in monasteries, nay, the very influence which they obtained and wielded, in some cases, against their monkish rivals, was meed enough in those ages. But be this as it may, no doubt that during the reigns of Henry III. and the three Edwards, Oxford became vastly popular. The wealthy in each district would desire to send their sons, nephews, and cousins, to pick up crumbs of Latinate erudition, ascetic wisdom, and mystic philosophy, from the docts of whom the fame had reached them; and it would be just as salutary to their souls, and far more useful to their families and neighbours, if, instead of giving their moneys to the existing Benedictines and Austin Friars, they were to found a small society of monks for themselves, to keep house at Oxford for students, whom they would also maintain, to overlook their conduct, and to aid their studies. In this disposition, there were lands and moneys left in various parts of England for the purpose of building a single quadrangle, and maintaining some eight, ten, or even twelve monks, and the same, or a larger number of students, either of the kith

and kin of the founders, or, these failing, of the poorer natives of their favourite places. No College had more than one quadrangle at first, and the earliest buildings, of which none now remain, were of an inferior character, being only intended to accommodate the Fellows and scholars.

Such were indeed the primitive Colleges, little more than charity-schools for certain districts, and bearing the names either of these—as Lincoln, Exeter, and the former Durham College; or of the founders—as Balliol, Merton, and Wadham. Religious names were more modern as applied to the Colleges,—such as Jesus, Magdalen, St John's, Trinity, Corpus Christi, and even All Souls', but very anciently used as the signs of the Halls; and these names would seem to be peculiarly suitable to collegiate establishments, since precisely the same are found at Cambridge, though not erected—save in one or two cases—by the same founders. There are, lastly, two quite local names of Oxford Colleges, namely, Oriel and Brasenose. The latter has really nothing to do with that huge and hideous gilt proboscis which the unphilological of the last century chose to set over its door-way; but the word is derived from Brasin-hous, a brew-house, some such having given place of yore to the College—nor inappropriately, for who does not know the many joys of the Brasenose tap to this day; and who

will deny that the spirit of the brew-house and the beer-shop still pervades that green quadrangle? It was in Brasenose that the famous "Hell-fire Club" was held; and they show you to this day the window in Brasenose Lane through which the president of that diabolic, but dull and deluded society, is said to have been carried bodily away by his rightful owner amid "flames of fire, which caused all the folk very much to admire." It is strange that, after such an exit, the men of the brew-house should have regretted the club and its president, and striven to revive its glories in "The Phoenix;" but even this has died out, I believe, and, in spite of the old tap, they cannot, alas! find men enough to drink, swear, gamble, &c., up to the true diabolical mark. "Very sad, is it not," the Scouts, who cherish the memory of the "Hell-fire," murmur. "It's all them Examinations as does it, sir." But in justice to Brasenose, it must be admitted, that it still keeps up its old reputation, though I cannot say with how much justice, for fear of libel.

It is easy to perceive why these quiet and limited monastic establishments were sought by members not on their foundations. In the first place, they were not, like the Halls, subject to the University control; they were conventual, if not actually religious houses; they were regulated by the statutes framed by their founders,

and they proudly closed their doors against impertinent Proctors. Their discipline within was their own affair, and there is no doubt that their powers were as great as those of any monastery in the kingdom; nay, in virtue of the lands they held, they had sometimes power over life and death; and Anthony à Wood, who, though said to be "an awfu' liar" in some things, may be believed in his merely casual notes, tells us that Merton had a gallows in Hollywell, "as you goe to the church, where they had leave to hang, draw, and quarter." The spirit of this privilege is still kept up; and the Undergraduate who enters his good name on the books of a College must still be content to place it and his future prospects at the mercy of arbitrary masters.

Oxford has naturally been affected at all times by the state of the country. In the troublous days of the fourth and fifth Henrys she declined fearfully, and only revived under the Tudors. Henry VIII., when abolishing the other monasteries, confirmed the privileges of the Colleges with a few exceptions; and Elizabeth, in spite of the trouble they had given her, incorporated the two Universities. Under Charles I. they were again deserted; and the Colleges showed their devotion to the cause of that gentlemanly but incapable monarch by a general delivery of all their plate.

Oriel, on this occasion, played the part of

Ananias, and they still show you the splendid old cups which the Dons hid behind the arras till the storm had blown over. St John's, where the king lodged, has, or had, a curious remnant of their devotion to his person. It is a portrait of the king, each line of which is a verse from the Psalms. When Charles II. was in Oxford he begged this relic of the College, and offered to give them anything they might ask in return. They yielded it reluctantly. "And now what will you have?" asked the king. "The portrait back again, if it please your majesty," was the faithful answer. In 1721 they possessed, in the library of this College, a veritable thigh-bone of St John Baptist! *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Under James II. the Colleges were again deserted; and Anthony à Wood draws a terrible picture of the idleness, ignorance, and vice of the Universities in those days; yet terrible as it is, it would seem to resemble any that might have been drawn at any time from that period to the present. Certainly, though, the Universities have improved a little during the present century, and in 1801, no slight encouragement was given to study by the institution of Classes of Honour; but when the Hebdomadal Board asserted, without descending to proof, that, in 1846, the numbers of the students in the University had increased far more rapidly in propor-

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tion than the population of the kingdom, they must have wanted data. I give the following figures from a little work called the "Foundation of the Universitie of Oxford," published in 1651, and from the "Oxford Calendar" for the present year; and I have appended a list of the number of first-class men turned out of each College between 1831 and 1856:—

Colleges.	Names in the Books		1st Class Degrees.
	in 1651.	in 1857.	
University, . . .	73	285	17
Balliol, . . .	138	345	59
Merton, . . .	80	170	7
Exeter, . . .	230	501	15
Oriel, . . .	106	387	13
Queen's, . . .	160	251	12
New, . . .	135	186	4
Lincoln, . . .	109	195	0
All Souls', . . .	70	114	0
Magdalen, . . .	220	220	8
Brasenose, . . .	186	424	11
Corpus Christi, . . .	70	158	11
Christchurch, . . .	223	807	41
Trinity, . . .	133	304	23
John's, . . .	110	339	13
Jesus, . . .	109	154	2
Wadham, . . .	129	310	15
Pembroke, . . .	169	219	8
Worcester, founded in 1714,		359	14
St Mary Hall, . . .	100	75	3
Magdalen Hall, . . .	220	254	5
New Inn Hall, . . .	140	34	2
Alban Hall, . . .	99	21	2
St Edmund's Hall,	93	70	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	3102	6189	

Now, in 1603 the population of England and Wales was computed at five millions; in 1690, at five and a half; by the last census, it was found to be about twenty millions. It has, therefore, increased in the ratio of one to four; while the members of the University of Oxford have not even doubled their numbers. If, too, we remember that the first figures were taken at a period of University decline, during troublous civil wars, and just after the death of Oxford's dearest monarch, we have even less reason to assert that the popularity of the University has extended.

These figures are worthy of the attention of the Oxonian. It will be interesting to him to know, that Christchurch and Exeter have always been, as they now are, the largest Colleges in the University. Nor can this be accounted for by any reason except fashion and prestige. The College exhibitions are not half so attractive. Of more than two hundred Undergraduates not on the foundation at Christchurch, only about forty receive any Collegiate emolument, and the scholarships and exhibitions at Exeter are few and poor compared with several smaller Colleges. Nor is the tuition at these institutions of a superior kind; far from it. The fact is that, before the Reformation, Oxford was divided between two nations—north and south—of whose battles,

which were sometimes bloody, we have still many a history. The north seems generally to have been the stronger. University, Balliol, Queen's, Lincoln, Durham College, and Brasenose, all recruited among the sturdy Danes of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and the adjacent counties. Exeter, Oriel, and Merton drew their forces from Saxons south of the Thames. These distinctions have been lost, with few exceptions. Queen's and Brasenose are still filled with north countrymen, and Exeter resounds with the dialects of Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Cornwall, which are heard nowhere else in Oxford. This accounts in great measure for the numbers at Exeter, while Christchurch is the College *par excellence*.

It is amusing to notice the decadence of the Halls, and sigh a Scotchish sigh over the diminution of those glorious vices on which they thrived—extravagance and luxury. The Halls of last century were by no means the rubbish-holes they were until lately, and now, with the exception of Magdalen Hall, they are rapidly being converted into training-schools for plain-song, and the silly phantasms of the party who take in the "Union" newspaper. And these little establishments were once such comfortable inns for the wealthy sinners, who had been turned out from anywhere else; such choice dinners, such gentlemanly

"wines," such a superb indifference to all discipline once distinguished them. Now, they say, the cook at Skimmery, a mute inglorious Vatel of Oxford, is meditating suicide; and the butler, who used to pocket L.800 per annum, is actually dunning his old customers.

But poor little New Inn Hall, nicknamed "The Tavern," suffers most. Built on a site, called "The Seven Deadly Sins," she opened her Laïslike arms to the most desperate refugees, and offered the hope of redemption and a degree to the most criminal of statute-breakers. It was her only means of subsistence, for she has never been popular. Nay, in Charles I.'s time, she was of so little account, that they turned her into a mint for melting into crowns and angels, the cups and spoons sent in from loyal Colleges. Well, it is not so very long since the merry sound of champagne suppers echoed in her passages (for she has no quadrangle). There was only one room for the Hall and the Chapel, and at times, when the suppers were kept up very late, the one Scout, who combined the offices of porter, shoe-black, messenger, chapel-man, and probably Bible-clerk, would come in at five or six in the morning, and say, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you, but I must open the windows to let out the smoke—for chapel will be at eight o'clock this morning." It is needless to add that the

Principal and the Scout usually formed the whole congregation.

But in spite of the Scouts, it must not be supposed that Oxford has changed much for the better. It is only that frantic lavishness, and the bravado of fastness, have been succeeded by more careful and systematic vice.

To return to the constitution of the University. My first premiss is, that it is essentially clerical; and this in the teeth of those phil-Oxonians who maintain that this Alma-Mater educates all for all professions, for all positions above a certain line. In the absence of returns, it is difficult to prove, what every Oxonian may observe for himself, that at least three-fourths of the students are destined for holy orders. Of the rest, about a half will become country gentlemen, a fourth go to the bar, and the remainder to various other pursuits.

However this may be, the governing body is undoubtedly clerical. To prove this I have given an hour to examining the lists of M.A.'s, whose names are on the books. I find that, exclusive of the College Fellows, there are about 2700, of whom not less than 2000 are already ordained. In other words, three-fourths of the elective body are clergymen. Of the 544 Fellows, at least 350 are in orders. The Vice-Chancellor is, of course, a clergyman, as, indeed, the Chancellor also was until 1552.

Conservative Oxford has, strange to say, altered none of her institutions so much as the government of the University. Her Conservatism is in fact the quality of the Colleges, an innate attribute of the Collegiate system, in which emolument plays so prominent a part. But the University herself, being poor, and having few sinecures to offer, has been allowed to alter some of her institutions when they were found to be growing troublesome.

To understand the character of these changes, it must be borne in mind that the government of Oxford is by its nature elective. The elector is the M.A. Now, this degree would seem to be the oldest in the University, and for a long time the only one besides that of Doctor of some faculty or art. It was obtained originally, after a certain amount of residence, by disputations or public exercises, which may have been held before the Congregation of Doctors and Masters themselves. The moment a man had taken the Magister's vows he was an important unit in the University, known as the "Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars" of Oxford, with which name it was afterwards incorporated.

Before the Reformation, the Congregation of Masters, called together by the big bell of St Mary's, governed the University, and elected all its officers; and as these officers were then very

important, as the degree of Magister was taken at a much earlier age than now; and as the war between the Collegiate interests and those of the University at large was for ever being waged, these assemblies were naturally turbulent. To check this, a statute was passed by which Masters were divided into Regent and Non-regent. To become a Regent, and hold a vote,—in short, to belong to the governing body,—it was necessary to petition the Congregation itself.

This body, being thus sifted, met continuously for the conferring of degrees and other regular business, but the election of the principal officers still remained with the *Congregatio Magna*, or Convocation, convened from time to time for that purpose. The yearly election of Proctors was now the great occasion for tumult; and in 1629, so much scandal was caused by it, that an arrangement was made in 1634, by which these officers should be chosen in rotation from the different Colleges. About this time, too, the originally popular character of the government was completely altered by the introduction of a small oligarchy, who quietly took upon themselves the whole burden of the government.

This was the Hebdomadal Board, composed of the Heads of Houses, and their place of meeting was nicknamed Golgotha, from a general belief that Heads of Houses are nothing but empty

skulls. The name is obsolete at Oxford, though common in 1721, but is still retained at Cambridge. This Board proposed all the important measures, took the votes of the lower house on the subject, but remained quite uninfluenced by its opinion. When examinations for the commonest degree were substituted for mere exercises, the powers of Congregation were yet more restricted; and it was said with justice of that assembly in 1852, that it met "only for the purpose of hearing measures proposed which it could not discuss, of conferring degrees to which candidates were already entitled, and of granting dispensations which were never refused."

Thus, the constitution of Oxford changed from a noisy republic to a dull but respectable oligarchy. It was reserved to the late Commission to erect it into something more like a constitutional government, with a puppet chancellor at the head, having much the same position as our excellent Sovereign holds with respect to this country. The Hebdomadal Board was abolished, and a council of the same name substituted. This is composed of the Vice-chancellor as permanent President, the Proctors, six Heads of Houses instead of twenty-four, six Professors, and six members of Convocation of the respectable standing of at least five years. Thus, the purely collegiate interest was shelved, the educational and profes-

sional duly represented, and new, younger life, infused into these solemn counsels by six members of convocation duly elected. The statutes, indeed, are still promulgated by the upper house, but the lower has the power to propose amendments, which are carried back to the Hebdomadal Council for adoption or rejection. But while the Government is thus still reserved for the oligarchy, one most important advantage was gained by the Masters in the permission to speak in English; for it will scarcely be credited, that up to so recent a period all discussions were carried on in Latin, or at least a dialect which went by that name, though I have no doubt Cicero would have had hard work to understand it.

But the old system had one advantage which is much to be regretted. When gentlemen were forced to spout dog-Latin, they spoke less often and more briefly. Any one who now reads the University intelligence in the papers—and who but a University-man does read them?—cannot fail to know what a little local parliament sits in that city of Dons, Duns, and Dunces. The consequences are fatal. Nothing is sweeter to the confirmed bachelor than to make speeches. It is your bachelor who toasts the bride at the breakfast, your bachelor who makes the longest speech at a public dinner, your bachelor who leads the stormy opposition, your bachelor who upsets the

vestry meeting, and alarms the peaceful ward-mote. Who so loquacious as Cœlebs? Who ever heard of a married man in a debating society? Nay; for the matter of that, it is possible that the orations of matrimony—lectures à la Caudle—and the perpetual loquacity of the weaker vessel, soon cure a man of his love for the gab. But if the confirmed bachelor is fond of talking—particularly nonsense—what must the Fellow of an Oxford College be? And what must be that Parliament which is made up of celibate Fellows? If you imagine an assembly of withered, narrow-minded schoolmasters, debating with ludicrous gravity, and not a particle of fire, on the most trivial questions, which one man with a talent for governing could dispose of in five minutes; if you imagine them fighting the debate again at dinner and in Common-room, and their whole minds occupied with these local trifles, which they magnify into mountains, while the great but distant world sinks from them into something less than a molehill; if you imagine that these interests allure the Fellows and Tutors from that attention which is due to the studies and discipline of their Colleges, you compass that political folly of Oxford which is the principal cause of her uselessness as a school.

But there is no help for it. Englishmen, who have so little conversation in society, revel in

making set orations in newspaper terminology, and it is perhaps as well that their bile should come away in nothing more dangerous than public invective. From a board of directors to the imperial house everything must be done with the tongue ; and if it be slower, it is certainly surer thus. But it were well if the parliament of Oxford were more judiciously composed ; if each College sent one or two deputies—men who could afford to give up their collegiate duties—to support their interests, and compelled the rest to confine themselves to the more sober and less exciting employments of teaching and correcting the refractory and the dullard.

There is little need to complain because the Chancellorship of Oxford is an honorary sinecure. In this country we are fond of boasting that our great men, like Lord Castlereagh at Vienna, are better distinguished by the absence of cordons and crosses that wear out their dress coats. We pride ourselves on the want of a Legion of Honour, on the exclusiveness of the Garter, the Bath, and the Thistle. But it is amusing to find that, while we are so chary of these pettier honours, we freely offer the highest offices in the land to the men that we delight to worship ; freely, for their sakes, make sinecures of our greatest responsibilities. The Universities are quite consistent in making the

Chancellor's gold-lace and purple the covering of a mere puppet, which cannot even pronounce correctly the few words of learning it is called upon to utter. Scotland—already too content to imitate, where she fails to rival—has adopted the same plan for her Universities; but then she certainly gets a good English sermon, like that of Lord Stanhope at Aberdeen, instead of a mere Latin formula and false quantities. As the Chancellor receives nothing more substantial than honour from the University, it is of little matter that he is a Prince-Consort, a Wellington, or a Derby, non-resident, indifferent, and not really governing. It is only of importance that his *locum tenens* should be fit for the office.

Now, when the Chancellor was resident, and elected for one, two, or at most three years, it was sensible enough that he should appoint a Head of a House to assist him as lieutenant. Such minor duties as would then devolve on the Vice-Chancellor would not materially interfere with those he was called on to perform as master of a large beneficiary and collegiate establishment. But at the present day, when the Vice-Chancellor does all the work, and is the real governor of Oxford; when, besides presiding over the Hebdomadal Council, the Convocation, and the Congregation, and filling the more really responsible position of chief civil magistrate in the Univer-

sity Court, he has all the private business of the whole University to transact, to keep books, to pay moneys, to decide all matters of reference or dispute, to fight the corporation of the town and the several corporations of the Colleges, and to make a large number of important appointments, it is scarcely reasonable to expect that he, one and the same man, should do his duty by his own College. If you answer that in very fact he does manage to combine the two offices, and not complain much, I reply, that however well he may fill that of Vice-Chancellor, he cannot the other, inasmuch as there is not one Head of a House who has arrived as yet at a sense of what his real duties, his real responsibilities are; not one, certainly, who carries them out. But it is not right that the duties of the Vice-Chancellorship should be allowed to be an excuse for such negligence in any Head of any College. Yet it is out of the question for him to combine the two offices, if he conscientiously fulfils both. How can he, for instance, pay a right and sufficient attention to the morals and discipline of sixty or seventy most undisciplined young men, to say nothing of twenty or thirty Fellows? Or, if he leave this to his lieutenant, himself being already a *locum tenens*, how is that lieutenant, who is always a Tutor of the College, to combine these duties efficiently?

Nor is this the only, or even the chief objection to electing a Vice-Chancellor from among the skulls of Golgotha. I have more than once pointed out the antagonism between the interests of the University and those of the separate Colleges, and shown how completely the former is in the power of the latter. As long as the Vice-Chancellor is a head, this will continue to be the case, for it is improbable that he should overrule the collegiate interests, when he has a College to keep himself, and almost impossible that he should resist the encroachments, or counter-balance the weight of other Colleges, when he does not seem to be raised above them. His position and double vote in the Hebdomadal Council tend to annul entirely the provisions made by the commission. As long as he remains a Head of a House, the Colleges must have a majority of two over the professorial interests on the one hand, and those of the regent but non-collegiate body on the other.

I have already, when writing about University Discipline, pointed out the insufficiency of the Proctors. It will be answered, that there were never more than two of these officials, and that, during more than 600 years, no complaint has ever been made of the inadequacy of that number. It was, however, a very different thing to be Proctor in the 13th and 14th centuries, to

what it is now. Not only has the number of the students been trebled, but the duties of the Proctors have increased considerably; the assemblies of convocation and congregation, the taking down names and receiving fees for examinations (a whole day's work), at least three times each term, and various other duties, have become so much more frequent, that the time of these officials is far more closely occupied than it has ever been before. One thing, however, is certain, whatever be the cause of it, that the Proctors do not carry out sufficiently the discipline which the University chooses to think necessary. One of three changes is called for. Either abolish the Proctors, and do without them, as is done in the metropolitan Universities, and at Durham (and I have yet to learn that the students in those places are morally worse than at Oxford or Cambridge); or do away with their merely formal duties, such as their presence at the granting of degrees; or, since you shrink from any abolition with such pale horror, increase their numbers.

The chief objection to such an increase would be the expense. Now, there is one means of meeting this difficulty effectually. There are in Oxford six individuals who go by the name of "Pokers." Of these, the senior or gold poker, receives, I believe, L.200 per annum, and each

of the silver ones L.150. The duties of these gentlemen—for they are gentlemen by education, though their ranks were sullied (*horribile dictu*!) some years back, by the appointment of a retired coachman among them—are those which, in any other place, would be performed by one or two beadles or active livery servants. They carry heavy maces before the Vice-Chancellor, whenever he sallies out on official business; they are at his beck and call to run with his messages, and perform the active physical part of his duties; and they may be seen at any time with a bundle of notices or letters in 'hand, which they carry from College to College, inserting one under the door of each residence, just as you see boys hired for the purpose, do with London advertisements. Lastly, one of them is occasionally employed by the Vice-Chancellor to write the addresses on the notices which he will afterwards take round.

Now, of course, there is nothing in itself degrading in these duties, but it may well be asked if any gentleman would undertake them, if the pay were what it should be—that of an ordinary footman. If there were the slightest necessity for the Vice-Chancellor to be preceded by a ridiculous body-guard, carrying weapons of state far too cumbrous to be of any use in case of emergency, surely a stout beadle or two would suit the purpose, and the University, for L.100 per

annum, enjoy as much sorry state and visible dignity, as she now does for ten times the sum.

But there is no such necessity in the present day. The Vice-Chancellor requires his gold and silver pokers for protection, no more than the Lord Mayor does that miserable solitary representative of former grandeur, the man-in-brass. Then, as to dignity, I need hardly say, that in the eyes of townsmen and gownsmen alike, the pokers tend to bring little else than ridicule on the procession of Oxonia's magistracy. Those who have seen them,—as I have,—striding solemnly and awfully along, followed by a little wizened decrepit old gentleman, whom to look at was to laugh, and whom not all the pomp of all the Cæsars could make a whit more dignified, and less insignificant, can well understand that this half-dozen of academic lictors, affords little more than subjects for caricature, and butts for such darts of wit as can be drawn from the poorly-filled quivers of Oxford Undergraduates.

If, on the other hand, it be advanced that the University does not care much for these Esquire Bedells, as they delight to call themselves, but maintains their offices by way of additional provision for worthy and not over-scrupulous gentlemen, it may be asked, why she cannot change these menial duties for something rather more

useful and less ridiculous, or why, seeing she confesses to such poverty, she thinks it incumbent on herself at all, while there are 500 Fellowships in the various Colleges, to provide for individuals, who do not appear to have any claim on her gratitude or esteem.

Now, if the work of these gentlemen could be done by any number of retired coachmen, or others, for at most a tenth of the sum now expended on them, there would be a fund at the disposal of the University for increasing the procuratorial staff.

But however obvious the advantages of any proposed change may be, it is quite useless to suggest it to men labouring under the curse of Egypt and China—social immutability. The mere fact that the pokers have existed for many long years, and many a hundred times swung their gilt maces or poked notices under doors, suffices to hallow them in the eyes of Oxonian rulers. The small opposition has indeed already made an attempt to dislodge them, but the poker, when judiciously wielded, is a dangerous weapon, and whether from fear or hoplessness, the noisy reformers too soon gave in.

Let it not be thought that I desire to see a spirit of sweeping reform admitted to disturb the classical repose of our worthy port-drinkers. Some places are made for use only. Take, for

instance, one of those delightful smoke-shrouded working towns of Lancashire. Oxford, on the other hand, is made for ornament. There is nothing practical or useful anywhere about her. Certainly there is much that might be abolished, and the better sense of late years has done away with some absurdities, such as the grand Compounder's expensive procession. Formerly any unhappy wight who possessed landed property to the extent of L.300 a-year, was flattered,—nay, forced,—into paying enormous fees on taking a degree, in consideration of which he was called a grand Compounder, and could require a procession of the Vice-Chancellor and Doctors to inaugurate him. The form has been abandoned, but I fear the fees are still exacted.

On the other hand, there are several old customs, neither very extravagant nor despotical, which I should be sorry to see discontinued, simply because they are useless.

On the first of May, for instance, the choir of Magdalen are wont to mount the splendid square tower of that College—a tower which, for colour and proportion, is perhaps one of the finest in the kingdom. In the grey chill dawn of the morning they hurry up to be before the sun, and greet the baby spring, the fresh flowerhood of the year, in a splendid hymn. I am ashamed to say I was never out of bed early enough to hear

them, but they say, you may feel the tower sway and rock beneath you, as the chorus swells.

This custom arose from a compromise made with Romanism at the time of the Reformation. The May-hymn was allowed to take the place of the Virgin's festival. The stricter party were strongly opposed to it, and vulgarly hired people to make all the noise they could near the College in order to interrupt the proceedings. The small boys of Oxford still assemble under the tower on this occasion and blow their derisive penny-trumpets. Perhaps this accounts for the early hour at which the hymn is raised. It matters little. It is better even to worship the dawn with poetry, than the belly in sluggishness; better to shiver in poetry than snore in prose.

Again, there is at Christchurch a tower built by Christopher Wren, who somehow succeeded in most of his gothic attempts, in spite of bad architecture, if that can be called bad which is picturesque. Tom Tower at Christchurch, and the towers of Westminster Abbey, have their own peculiar beauty, and look at least 300 years older than their builder.

In Tom Tower, there is a bell, called Big Tom. Every night at a quarter-past nine, one hundred and one times does this clumsy monster send his dull notes over the house-tops of Oxford, once, in fact, for each of the one hundred and one

students of Christchurch, and whenever a vacancy occurs by death, he marks his grief by the silence of one stroke.

Many of these old customs have died out. Anthony à Wood tells us that it was the wont of the Fellows of New College to walk in surplice on Holy Thursday to the chapel of St Bartholomew's Hospital in the Fields, there to make a collection, draw cheer from the Buttery, and return, singing catches and glees together across Hedington Hill. I have no doubt so cheerful a custom was very well kept up, till rainy weather and umbrellas came in; but it would certainly be too good a joke to see some of the gouty port-drinkers, who now fatten on William of Wykeham's bounty, and have not sung a note for lustres, keeping up these commemorative visits.

I have said that the spirit of Merton Gallows still pervades Oxford, that each College is, to all intents and purposes, completely independent of the University, and absolute and all-powerful within its own walls. This is the case too at Cambridge, and of late years Durham has attempted to follow the example of the older institutions in the same particular. But I do not know of any other University in the whole world which is thus made up, for the so-called London University can scarcely be said to have an existence. The Collegiate system, then, is a

phenomenon peculiar to a few English Universities. I have already attempted to sketch its growth, and I need not say that there is no reason for imputing design to its institution. Accident, however,—as we are wont to call Divine Wisdom in these atheistic days,—often shows itself to be shrewder than man, and accident has here raised up a constitution, which, if properly administered, would be worthy of much commendation.

The advantages of a Collegiate system are, first with respect to education; that it affords regular tutorial teaching, in addition to the professorial instruction given by the University itself; that it supplies a number of well-taught men who have,—or ought to have,—little else to do than to direct and assist the studies of the younger members.

Again, if it be admitted that discipline is necessary to a University, it will not be denied that the collegiate system affords the readiest means of carrying it out effectively, and, indeed, that it would scarcely be possible to exercise any severe discipline at all, if all the students lived in their own lodgings or in private establishments.

Lastly, if honestly carried out, this system would not only enable needy men of the educated classes to receive the same education as their fathers, but would open to all a preparation for

the world within the means of all respectable parents of a certain standing.

It is strange, then, that Oxford, being fully alive to these advantages, has lately consented to annul them by permitting residence in lodgings, and the establishments of private Halls. In the former case strict discipline becomes impossible; in the latter, the advantages of good class-tuition are no more to be enjoyed than at any private school in the country.

Not that, for my part, I find fault with either of these concessions. The residence in lodgings has long been tried at Cambridge to a very great extent, and I do not learn that that University is a whit behind Oxford in piety and propriety.

If, on the other hand, the professorial system were done justice to, the frequenters of private halls would not be on at all inferior ground to those of such old original establishments as "Teddy" and "Skimmery." I merely desire to point out the strange inconsistency of maintaining the collegiate system in all its vigour and with all its vices, while you publicly depreciate its value by such concessions as the above.

But it is a sad thing that an institution of undoubted merit should be so subjected to private interests—so marred by the vanity of individuals or societies, as to render it scarcely less a curse than a blessing.

The selfishness and independence of the bodies which make up this University, has the effect of impeding, if not completely restraining, every progressive step which the country thinks the University ought to take. The constitution is in fact in the hands of the Colleges. With a preponderance of Heads of Houses in the Hebdomadal Council, with a Convocation made up of some five College Tutors to every independent man, it is not likely that the University should accept anything which was not to the interest of the separate corporate bodies, which are her limbs. Yet it must not be supposed that the Colleges *are* the University; on the contrary, they are a very small part of it. The University exists throughout the country wherever a M.A. is to be found, and its interests are not Oxonian, but national. The University has duties to fulfil to the country. It receives the support of the country in the shape of grants and Professors' chairs; it lives by the good favour and custom of the country; its interest is clearly to perform those duties to the satisfaction of the nation it serves, and that, too, in the most honourable and most effective manner.

The Colleges care for none of these things. It is the University that brings them customers, and, as long as she keeps up her prestige, they will do well. The interests of the Colleges are local and narrow in the extreme. Next to the

common desire to make as much actual money out of their various resources as possible, whether for the purpose of increasing the value of their collegiate offices, or to extend their premises, and thus augment their establishment, their greatest ambition is to turn out the largest number of first-class men and University scholars; and they have no conception of the duties of tutorship beyond this. On the other hand, it is only natural that each College should desire to have as many University offices held by its members as possible, and that every attempt should be made to increase, in any legitimate manner, the influence, position, and prestige of the College.

Prestige is, in fact, their hobby. For the sake of this they will refuse to lower their charges, and decline to receive, whether as Fellows or Undergraduates, the more exemplary, that they may open their arms to the more distinguished. It is not only All Souls', where many Fellowships are reserved for the younger sons, cousins, and nephews of the peerage, nor is it the Commissioners alone who take so absurd a view of the character of these academic almshouses, as to suppose that a fortune of L.500 per annum should be no disqualification for a recipient of founders' charity.

I have no wish to charge the Colleges with abusing their independence in the matter of edu-

cation. I cannot show, from any experience of my own, that the Tutors do not do their best to carry out in their lectures the system countenanced and upheld by the University. It is true that the Professors are thrust in the background by them, and must sacrifice their convenience to that of the Colleges. They must be content to lecture after the morning's work is over, and to audiences already tired out with Mr Snozer's or Mr Drymarsh's prosy classes. They must do this or lecture to empty seats. It is true, again, that nine out of every ten men who leave Oxford declare that they have only unlearned all they ever knew, and acquired nothing but vanity in its place. But these are faults of the system, not of those who are there to carry it out. I am confident that in some Colleges—and I take the liberty to mention Exeter as one—the Tutors are most conscientious in striving to “get their men through,” though undoubtedly they take more trouble with those who are likely to do honour to the College than with the vulgar herd of pass-men. It is the fault of the system that these Tutors have no higher aim than to enable their pupils to pass. It is the fault of the spirit that prevades Oxford generally, that no attempt is made to elevate their minds, to progress in learning and knowledge, to strike out new and clever paths of mental training.

But I do not accuse the Colleges of abusing their independence in the matters of discipline, expenditure, and society. If any one will take the trouble to read the second of these papers, he will find that I do not make these charges without good reason. I ask for some systematic investigation of all that goes on within College walls; I ask for the power of an appeal to the magistracy of the University from the gross injustice constantly perpetrated against powerless Undergraduates; I ask for the revival of the office of Visitor in all its original force; in short, I ask for justice. Young men are sent to Oxford, or go there from choice, but they cannot be members of the University without being also members of a College or Hall; and they cannot be the latter without being subject at any moment to tyrannical oppression, and at all times to gross imposition in the charges of these establishments. Any College can expel any man, and, once expelled, he is shut out from entering at any other English University. A board of interested, partial, and silly old men, belonging to a single College or Hall, has the power of ruining your prospects for life, and the University cannot, nay, even the Visitor dare not, interfere.

The same thing applies to the expenses, and to any regulation that a College may choose to enforce upon its men. There is, in short, no

check upon the voluntary acts of a few narrow-minded men, who do not form a public body, but only a portion of the University. It is impossible to say to what extent such powers may at any time be abused, for there is not even public opinion—that mighty modern censor—to interfere with these societies.

It is then highly desirable that some regular scheme of appeal should be established; and it would be an excellent thing, though one may wish for it with as much reason as a child does for a slice out of the moon, if the Colleges were compelled to render, either to their Visitors, or to the Vice-Chancellor himself, a monthly record of their acts and condition. Still better would it be if a perpetual commissioner, with the fullest powers, were attached to the University, as is the case in Germany. He should not be a member of that body, but an independent, impartial, and implacable censor, who would regulate the charges of Colleges by tariff, and inquire strictly into every measure they might take.

Some appeal, at any rate, is urgently needed; some check, too, must be put upon the selfishness of the Colleges. It is the Colleges who prevented the institution of a public matriculation examination; it is the Colleges who rendered the work of the Commissioners futile; it is an association of Tutors who have been most

active in opposing every good measure of most necessary reform. But if my words seem to want confirmation, or I be thought to speak from prejudice or in ignorance, I shall quote the words of a man with whom Oxonians at least will not find fault, and who, whatever his deficiencies in character, cannot be accused of poverty of intellect—I mean Dr Newman. In a chapter devoted to the discussion of collegiate independence, he says, the Colleges “are withdrawn in an especial way from the action and influence of public opinion, than which there is no greater stimulant to right action, as things are, nor a more effective security against dereliction of duty. The Colleges, left to themselves in the course of the last century, became shamefully indolent and inactive. They were in no sense any longer places of education; they were, for the most part, mere clubs, and sinecures, and almshouses, where the inmates did little but enjoy themselves. They did next to nothing for the youth confided to them; suffered them to follow their own ways and enjoy their own; and often, in their own persons, set them a very bad example of using it. Visitor they practically had none, and there was but one power which could have exerted authority over them, and most naturally and suitably too,—I mean the University; but the University could do nothing.

The University had no means of acting upon the Colleges; it was but a name or a privilege; it was not a body or a power. This seems to me the critical evil in the present state of the English Universities—not that the Colleges are strong, but that the University has no practical or real jurisdiction over them. Over the members of Colleges it has jurisdiction; but even then, not as such, but because they are its own members also; over the Head of the College, over the Fellows, over the Corporate body, over its officers, over its acts and regulations within its own precincts, it has no practical jurisdiction at all. The Tutor, indeed, is a University office by the Statutes, but the College has made it its own.”

Certainly, Oxford has improved since the last century, for there are now only two Colleges and two Halls which are used as mere clubs and hotels, though, in many others, there is little doubt that the Fellowships “are made beds of ease,” as Emerson took care to tell America, after staying some time at Oriel, where the Fellows are undoubtedly the least sleepy and most intellectual in Oxford.

There is one means of raising the character of Fellows in general, and employing their too idle time, which, at the same time, would greatly assist the mingling of a Professorial with a Tutorial education. I mean the establishment of

Professional Fellowships. Nor do I advocate this only in connection with the scheme put forward in the last paper for remodelling the educational course at Oxford. Professional Fellowships would be of great advantage even under the present system, and would enable young men to prepare much more seriously for the final examinations in chemistry, history and law, anatomy and physiology.

A movement in favour of professional education is already being made at Oxford by a young man who has already practised as a physician, and now holds a good medical appointment in the gift of the University.

Glad as I am to see such an awakening in Oxford, and to find that such a proposal as has been made—though nothing less revolutionary than to allow medical students to reside only two, instead of three years at Oxford—has, since it comes from one of themselves, been not wholly discountenanced. I cannot but feel provoked to find such sly half-measures brought in, and thrown, as it were, as a sop to quiet, hungry reformers like myself. It is painful to find that even an Oxonian so little appreciates the mental training system on which Oxford prides herself, as to propose to give a purely professional education to medical students. It is sad to learn that the reason for proposing to limit the period

of study to two years is because of the *expense* of residence. Would such a plea be advanced in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or, if advanced, how would sensible men meet it? Surely by inquiring if the expenses could not be reduced, rather than the term of study, already too short for the acquirement of science. It is really melancholy to find that Oxonians, though quite alive to the unnecessary expense of their establishments, can unblushingly propose to cut down knowledge's rations, rather than lower the cost of them, and suffer, however little, in their own pockets.

The introduction of Professional Fellowships must naturally be a work of time. Let us take Corpus as an instance. There are here twenty Fellows in receipt of L.200 a-year each. At present, only eight of them hold Collegiate office, and for these receive additional stipends, chiefly out of the pockets of the Undergraduates. In an ordinary College—Corpus happens to be considerably under the average size—there are about fifty men, paying each about L.20 per annum for what is called tuition. Thus, each of the eight would receive about L.125 in addition to their Fellowship. The other twelve are either non-resident, or in no other way useful to their College; and until we can get an act to prevent absenteeism in College-Fellows, and thus carry

out the designs of the much-maligned founders, we must content ourselves with supposing ten only to be in actual and continual residence. Now, of these ten, let four be supposed to have been chosen from those who have taken high honours in classics. Let these four remain undisturbed. But at the first vacancy, elect a man who has taken the highest honours in some final school. Repeat this at every vacancy until the other six consist of one mathematician, one historian, one good lawyer, and three natural-science men. Let these form classes within the College, and purely for members of their own Colleges, in each subject in which they are distinguished, and let them duly prepare the young men who have passed their classical school for their final examination.

By this means you would not only lessen the labour of tutorage, by increasing the workmen, but you would keep your whole ten resident Fellows well employed. Of course, if the educational course were altered, the importance of such Professional Fellowships would be increased tenfold, and the young men, getting over the drudgery in their College lectures, would be able to appreciate the higher flights of professorial eloquence.

Parisians are fond of telling you that "Paris c'est la France," but in this conservative, fox-

hunting country, it requires some impudence to announce that London is England. Yet this seems to have been the maxim adopted by the Comteists of Gower Street for the University of London, which has not only been founded on the broadest principles of local association, but even thrown out tentacles over the island, and "affiliated" unto itself the stray Colleges which it has succeeded in clutching. Thus, the University of London, though governed by a senate, and established by charter, has no definite existence except in its examinations; and it is a remarkable feature in these that a young man can, and generally does, become a member of one of its Colleges before he passes that matriculation examination which makes him a member of the University. Thus the matriculation loses its chief importance, which should consist in testing the student's fitness before he partakes in the education afforded; it fails to fix the standard of the teaching, and offers no safeguard to the Professors against gross ignorance in their audiences.

The London University has, as yet, no political status whatever. Its Graduates have no direct interest in its government. They can interfere in no way in the appointment of their governors, nor have the slightest control over their statutes and organization. It has no representative in the Parliament of the country, and it may be

doubted whether its incongruous elements have any common interest or feeling which admits of, or can even demand representation. Educational franchise is at best a very vague idea. You cannot represent education in the abstract, but only the sentiments or interest of a constituency separated from the rest of society by an education having some definite object, and in accordance with some peculiar theory. Where professional education is not the sequence of a common mental training, but collateral with and independent of it, there cannot be said to be any educational theory, nor any definite object. Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, wedded to mental training only, can still demand representation. The German Universities have none, and do not need it, and I cannot see any difference in this respect between them and the London University.

But it affords notable proof of the influence of fashion, and the subservient respect—I might almost say adulation—in England, of everything which is considered time-honoured,—I do not mean time-proved,—that this University, founded upon every radical and heterodox principle, and with an undisguised contempt of the older institutions, should now be blindly calling for Parliamentary representation, simply because three of the oldest Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin—have members in the

House. Now, without entering upon the question of educational franchise, which, however, seems to me to have arisen on the strangest jumble of ideas, I may ask what there is in a University such as that of London to represent at all. At Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, you have not only a peculiar theory of education, which may seem to have a claim to representation by virtue of its peculiarity, but you have a distinct body of men, resident masters, and so forth, holding distinct opinions, distinct powers, and separated from the rest of the community by strongly-marked differences of habit and occupation. These men seem to think that they cannot be duly represented by the members of the boroughs to which they belong; and I look on their scruples as the highest possible compliment to the borough members. But you have nothing of the kind in the London, nor, indeed, in any Scotch University. Each member of these, who is in a position to be represented at all—for, of course, mere students do not require representation—belongs to his several community, where all his interests and opinions are duly mingled with those of his neighbour. Neither by residence, nor mode of life, nor port-drinking, nor celibacy, nor theories, is he any way separated from the borough or county to which he belongs.

What, then, remains to represent in such Uni-

versities? You answer, the interests of the Universities themselves in the abstract. But can these interests be really represented in Parliament, when there is virtually no interested party, where there is no University constituency, where there is nothing but a Senate with its President, and where all the interests of the University are in their keeping alone? Or, of what real use is University representation? What has it done for Cambridge and Oxford? Has it enabled them to battle the Commissions, that interfered with what they thought to be their interests? Has it defended or forwarded those interests in the very least degree? I think not.

For the rest, most, if not all, the Colleges belonging to the University of London are governed by their several committees, who elect Professors, appoint officers, and supervise the studies. King's College has an able and influential Principal. At its foundation in the early part of the century, University College had likewise a Warden, but sundry differences led to the abolition of this office, and his place is now supplied in some measure by a Secretary wholly under the control of the committee. How the other Colleges may be governed I do not care to inquire.

At the present day, King's College, London, appears to be a compromise between a German University and an Oxford Hall. While it is far

from confining its teaching to mental training, it emulates, though with indifferent success, the discipline and exclusiveness of the older Universities. King's College does, I believe, succeed, and I think its success must be attributed to the fact that it is governed by a single man, who can give up his whole time and attention to its interests, and who is supported by position.

On the other hand, University College has failed. Its shares, originally worth L.100 each, are now scarcely saleable at as many shillings. This is the more striking, as it has always been fortunate in possessing the most eminent Professors, while its medical school is acknowledged to be the best in the kingdom.

Both these Colleges, however, have astutely perceived the necessity, in England of to-day, of bribing men to come and be taught. They have both managed somehow to offer exhibitions and scholarships to be obtained by competitive examination. And here I must protest against the idea now attached to these emoluments, not only in the London, but in all the Universities of England. It seems now that a prize in money is the reward of proficiency, as if a man should be paid for acquiring a possession which will be invaluable to him; and it is said that such prizes tend to promote education in the lower schools. It is a little matter that it also promotes covet-

ousness, and often induces parents to educate their children for this sole purpose, and consequently to limit their education to the requirements of some future examiner. All this seems to me very much like paying the Athenian citizens to attend the theatre. It is a part of the utilitarianism of the age, which would throw over all education, except that required for the business or profession for which the child was destined, if it were not for the hope of a Scholarship or Fellowship here or there. I know, that if the motives of the parents of University men could be laid open, it would be found that two-thirds have in view only the preparation requisite for the profession of the Church—for a profession too many insist on considering it; and that of the remainder half look to the chance of collegiate preferment; and the other half to the hope of their son's forming society for himself. How many parents, if any, send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge because they think those institutions afford the education and training which is most likely to make wise men and good Christians?

The true, original, and only honourable idea of a scholarship, is that of an alms to enable those to study at the University who could not afford to do so without such assistance. This was the intention and the definition of the founders, who

looked to give a first-class education only to "those who should be most meet for towardness, poverty, and painfulness;" and I think it perhaps the only piece of praise due to the opponents of the Oxford and Cambridge Commissions, that they have attempted to resist the clamour for throwing open all Scholarships and Fellowships to competitive examination. The result has been, that it is those men only who have been at large public schools that carry off these prizes; and though it may often happen that these men are really in want of assistance at the University, it by no means follows that scores of others do not obtain these Scholarships who could do well without them, and who therefore are selfish and covetous in accepting them.

The fact is, that to obtain a Scholarship has come to be looked on simply as a distinction of merit; and the poor, for whom they were whilome designed, and who cannot afford the "coaching" necessary to obtain them, are ousted by those who need them not.

This is not so at German Universities, where the *stipendien*, which answer to our Scholarships, are allotted only to those who can prove that they could not frequent the University without them. If, then, a competitive examination be made the introduction to these emoluments, let

none be admitted as candidates, till they have proved, after strict investigation, that their friends cannot afford enough for their College education, and *then* there would be no harm in the examination. At present, however, many a youth who is not ashamed to wear the sleeves of poverty combined with learning, and who draws from L.40 to L.100 per annum from his College, may be seen in the hunting-field, or found giving champagne suppers in his rooms. I protest against allotting to proficiency alone what is the right of the poor. I protest against the sons of men of good means ousting those of the starving clergymen from his due. They would be ashamed to take Bible-clerkships, and read the Scriptures in the College chapels, because these are given only to the really poor; but, since these Scholarships have been made the simple prizes of proficiency, they are not ashamed to wear what was once the badge of "towardness, poverty, and painfulness."

There is the same reproach to be made to the tenure of Fellowships. Many of them, as Emerson says, "are made beds of ease." It is no rare thing for a man's income to be stated as "L.500 a-year, besides his Fellowship at Oxford, you know; that's another L.150;" while at such Colleges as New, All Souls', and Christchurch, there is not perhaps one Fellow in ten who

really needs the charity of well-meaning founders, or should not be ashamed of accepting it. Yet if Fellowships were given only to those who need them, we should have no more Common-room extravagance, no temptation to live beyond one's means—a simpler and a purer mode of life among the Dons; while higher and better motives than the mere hope of a monetary prize would prompt men to try for the highest honours of the University. We have got rid of the blind exclusiveness of the founders in some cases, and Scholarships and Fellowships are less often given to the natives of some country village, or the thirtieth cousin removed of some ancient line. Let us not destroy the wheat with the tares, and put aside the charitable and benevolent intentions of those worthy but short-sighted men, by dispensing their gifts, not to the poor, but the greedy.

The Royal Commissioners were charged with such reforms as are here needed, but the Royal Commissioners were, it would seem, men of the very lowest capacity for the work. Will it be conceived that these gentlemen, who lacked no powers, and spared no feelings in the exercise of their duties, have taken so low, so mercenary, and so shoppish an idea of the Fellowships of our principal University, as, while pretending to reform them, to fix a property limitation of not

less than L.500 per annum; thus permitting men, who could live and marry, how, when, and where they pleased, to come and eat the bread, and drink the—the port—provided only for poor gentlemen?

The German Universities, not being self-governed, have a very simple constitution. The Minister of Worship and Instruction has absolute control over them, and he is represented by a Royal Commissioner attached to each University, not being a member of it, who attends the meetings of the Senate, confirms or reverses their decision, and interferes generally in the management of the institution.

The principal magistrate is the Rector, appointed by the Minister from among the Professors, and he is assisted by a Senate composed of his colleagues. The whole business of the establishment devolves, of course, on this body; while the Rector, as their President, has all the active part of it to carry out, particularly duties similar to those of our Proctors. He is assisted, however, in this by the Deans of the several faculties, who supervise not only the studies, but also the morals of the students committed to their charge. The University further possesses a Court and University-Judge for the decision of all civil causes.

To the committees of the faculties, presided

over by their Deans, is intrusted the conferring of degrees.

The system is simple but sufficient. It is worthy of notice, as an example of the despotic character of all Continental institutions, and affording a marked difference from the constitutional and representative system under which our Universities labour. For, however much we may be enamoured of our institutions, we cannot deny that this representative system is very cumbrous, when introduced into every establishment. It is difficult to see of what advantage it is to Oxford and Cambridge. They elect their Chancellors, it is true. But what does that matter, when their Chancellors take no part in the government of the Universities themselves? They do not elect those most important officers, the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors—more's the pity. Again, they elect their Professors; but we have seen that these gentlemen have little or no influence on the character or the studies of the institution. Lastly, they elect their Parliamentary representatives.

But beyond this the powers of the elective body of masters cease, and it has still to be proved that Parliamentary representation is necessary to the wellbeing of even the two original Universities.

On the other hand, the German Universities

have no Colleges, or anything analogous to the Collegiate system. They have not even that rare but ridiculous fiction by which a number of Schools and Colleges throughout the United Kingdom are said to belong to the London University.

The spirit of association is not quite so strong in Germany as in England. But, on the other hand, they possess among themselves a capability which is much to be desired in England—that of migrating from one University to another, without trouble, and with no expense. This is, of course, chiefly valuable where the Professional system obtains, and when this is the case in England, we shall perhaps have cheaper means of migration than we have at present.

If the reader of these pages is now convinced that, both in discipline and education, some of the most famous Universities need—nay, loudly call for—reform, the truth will not have been unveiled to no purpose.

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